

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 15, 1823.

(London Mag.)

SEA-ROAMERS—OLD JOHNNY WOLGAR.

List ye landsmen all to me.

THAT "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, is a very ancient truth, I fancy, and, in spite of the advances of knowledge, it is perfectly applicable, I believe, in the present era of mankind. Every man has his own world, or a little plot cut out of the great mass to which his own wants and habitudes confine his experience, and which he calls "the world." The Duke of ——— has so many courses served up to his dinner-table daily, the remains of which, he is positive, are removed to be consumed by his servants; and this, he determines, is the way of "the world." Every body does so. He wears a coat three weeks, and then makes it over to his butler—and that is how people get clothed. Not a dozen streets from his princely mansion, there are human beings wondering, whether "the *bone* hashed up with a few potatoes will do for to-morrow;" others agreeing that a bit of mutton "is rather high, but will do to make broth of:" and a fellow-creature protesting that, shabby as his coat is, it will go a month or two yet—*turned*; yet such things are as inconceivable to the Duke as if they were occurrences of another planet. Has his Grace the smallest conception that there is such a stratagem on our earth as *re-beaver*ing a hat, and *reviving* a pair of trowsers? Not he, believe it.

There are means of earning a subsistence—modes of human toil, so out of the great high-ways of industry—so disconnected from the regular rattle and bustle of the community—so lowly—lone, and independent of all general interests; that, with regard to ordinary observers, they may be said to be absolutely invisible to the naked eye. You must search for them—stoop down to them—handle them—as you would some minute and mysterious process of animal life—put your ear to them—smell at them—before you can ascertain or guess at their nature and use. What is that strange-looking man about? What then—pampered sloth! You will not go and see? Well—stay a little, and I will tell you all about it. I can assure the great Duke before-mentioned, that he may see an old man clad in black sackcloth, with a rope round his waist—bent, and wan and grey—pass by his window daily at his breakfast-time, who feeds and clothes himself (just as his Grace may see) with the profit accruing from old bones which he picks up from the public streets. I am positively serious, yet his Grace, I dare say, will pause from his chocolate, and listen to the fact with the same sort of incredulous wonder with which he might hear that there are living beings some hundred thousands of times less than a mite. And this too is far—far indeed,

from the limit of human littleness and desolation.

The accidents of my life have often brought me into very intimate communion with the poor, so as to make me perfectly familiar with their dispositions and habits, as dependent upon the peculiar circumstances of their condition, and let me into many secrets of strange drudgery and privation, which, as I never saw them mentioned under any head in the quarterly reports of our ever-increasing prosperity, are, I imagine, very little known or felt for out of the bosoms of the sufferers. The obscurity, remoteness, and narrowness of *their* "world"—and the extreme insignificance of their relations with the worlds of other people, readily account for the sort of exile in which they live from common sympathy; a state still further secured to them by the gentle and quiet humility of their own manners and deportment—for, though the last—the lowest among the sons of toil, they are never forward to announce themselves in the angry language of repining and discontent. They have still something to lose who lift up their voices to remonstrate and threaten. The poor patient drudges of whom I am speaking, who have nothing more to fear—and they know not what to gain—lay down their heads nightly in perfect gratitude that they are permitted to live. Oh! how beautiful are the dispensations of nature! how certain her consolations! how all-covering her charities in every condition of human existence!

I have lately been much in the company of a class of lowly labourers, calling themselves *Sea-Roamers*, who work out, I think, about as stubborn and precarious a "daily bread" from this earth of ours, as any men who have ever fallen under my observation. They are not of the order of adventurers called *wreckers*; the service of the *wrecker* is uncertain and occasional; whereas, the roamer is a never-failing attendant at the sea-side, where he wanders about from morning till night, to pick up (if God sends him luck, says he) the refuse—the offal of the sea, native and extraneous, that is cast ashore by the tides. The nature and extent

of the returns given by this occupation to a life of toil, through a winter's season and severities, I will explain in due time. The circumstances of the sea-roamer may derive a certain fanciful dignity from the external scenery in which he moves,—from his bold familiarity with storm and rain, and the undisputed freehold which he has and enjoys in the ample sky, and the pure breath of the bountiful sea; but, in all essential respects of rank and consequence, he stands in about the same relation to society, as those Cyclops-like figures, with sacks at their backs, which my London readers, no doubt, must have often seen lurking about under back walls, and in dingy corners, rifling the treasures of cinder-heaps. These searchers of cinders are more abject in their appearance; they are black—blear-eyed, and have a furtive, larcenous look about them, which is not prepossessing; but still they may be honest, (when back doors are shut) and as to substantial profits they rather outdo, I believe, the poor rangers of the beach. I shall, perhaps, best illustrate the nature and vicissitudes of sea-roaming, by some little account of the life of its most assiduous followers; a man with whose ways I happen to be deeply conversant, and who surely deserves some notice, as having been long known between *Castle Point* and *Birley Gap*, on the coast of S—— as "*King of the Roamers*." I adopt this plan too the more readily, seeing that this distinguished old beach-man had, independent of his merits and services in his profession, many peculiarities in his actions, manners, and deportment, that rendered him a very interesting personage; so much so, that, even among the dull partners of his labours, he had the credit of being "quite a character." Half an hour's biography, collected from his pilgrimage of nearly four-score years on this globe, may not be unentertaining, I hope, to the reader, and, perhaps, not quite uninstructional.

"Old Johnny Wolgar" had always lived in his native place, a small town on the Coast of S——, where, in one form of enterprise or another, he had always, as the phrase is, followed the sea. I propose to say little of him but

what I actually saw during the last two years of his life. Through the vigour of his manhood he had been an industrious and able fisherman—was part-owner of a boat and nets—could make a trip to the “other side” once in a season—board an Indiaman in the channel on a dark night, and “all that sort of thing,”—got married—came to be a father, and lived prosperously; till time at length had his usual effects with Johnny as with all flesh; he grew old—was decided to be not sea-worthy—sold his share in the boat that he could no longer serve—turned shrimper and purveyor of periwinkles, till he could no longer stoop to pick them up—and so dwindled away, step by step—till he finally settled into a roamer, content to take his pittances from the bounty of that element, from which he at once gallantly forced, as it were, his subsistence—a poor pensioner of the waves—an humble dependent on the chance-medley of “jettsom and flottsom.”

He went on in this character without change, or wish for change, for many years; and at the period when I first became acquainted with him, and when he was seventy-two years old, he was still a simple roamer, relying on his own exertions for his subsistence, and for that of a wife about as old and crazy as himself. The first sight of him told you at once that he was no common man. You could not pass him on the beach like an every-day fish, I promise you. In his appearance were signs of age and decrepitude rather more marked than the years he had passed seemed to warrant: but Johnny had “lived hard,”—in a very hard sense of the word. His face was hollow and grim—the eyes little better than blanks—dim—pale—deep-sunk in his head, and overthatched with a white bushy brow;—the nose long and sharp—and the jaws skeletonized, and grizzled over from cheek to throat with a stubbly beard an inch in length. His skin had not a tinge of red upon it, but, without any hue of sickliness, was mellowed by sun and wind, and age, into a fine Rembrandt tan, and furrowed, and puckered, and knotted, like the bark of an old tree. On this time-

worn and weather-beaten head, grew a very picturesque sort of hat, painted black and glazed, with a cupola top and a broad flapping brim, from beneath which dropped down a few lank locks of wiry hair. With all this ruggedness, there was an expression of extreme mildness and benevolence in his countenance: every feature was roughened and disfigured by long suffering and exposure; but amongst all his marks of hard usage, there was not one of ill-humour or discontent. Of his person you might fairly declare that it was still entire: he had all his limbs about him, though in truth, his usufruct in them was singularly limited. Rheumatism, he used to say, had clapped him in irons all over; his joints were all double-locked, and would as little bend as his shin bones. But in losing his suppleness, he had fortunately hardened upright, and it was among his few vanities that, if no longer apt at a hornpipe, he was as stiff and straight as a Prussian grenadier. He wore a smock frock on his body, while his lower limbs were smothered in rags, so that he had not in the least the appearance of a creature of coat and breeches, but may have been said rather to have been bandaged than dressed. By various means, direct or indirect, he contrived at least to provide a sufficiency of covering to keep out the weather, and that done, his utmost pride on the score of dress was thoroughly satisfied.

This rigid body, so confined and *mummied* will scarcely be thought properly appointed for walking, or any such violences. In fact, my old friend performed all his excursions on horseback, and he considered this means of loco-motion, that was still spared to him, as an ample compensation for all the losses and crosses with which he had to reproach the weather and the world. “Keeping a horse,” had not the same meaning with him as with ordinary riders. His horse was not a supernumerary servant, to be used one day and neglected another, as whim might suggest, but the main spring of his whole system—his staff of life—to have deprived him of it would have been to doom him to perpetual imprisonment, and shut him out from all the

uses of the world. It was his legs—his liberty—his every thing. How he supported this necessary creature I could never exactly ascertain. In the summer time it fed cheaply if not abundantly (it was neither glutton nor epicure, I answer for it) on the compound and spontaneous vegetation of hedges and ditches; and during the barrenness of winter, a little eleemosynary damaged hay, from one kind farmer or another, was sufficient, it was found, to keep off absolute famine: what farther provision there was, I am not, I confess, prepared to set forth. The horse, Bob—or “Old Bob,” as he was most pertinently defined, was precisely the one I should have chosen for Johnny, for it was impossible to conceive any thing more happily in keeping with all his peculiarities. I never saw his exact parallel, yet I have no bad eye, as we say, for a horse. He was some sixteen years old when I had first the luck to see him, and, as far as looks were concerned, could not have been older had he lived sixteen centuries. Every bone in his body was anatomically defined, all his flesh appearing, as it were, to have been dragged from his sides, and to bag down in a vast tense pot-belly. His great lumping head bore about the same proportion to his straight, scraggy, neck, that a pump bears to its handle; and at his opposite extremity, bounding the spinal line of his sharp, knotty back, was another oddity quite as characteristic, in the shape of a tail, which stuck out horizontally, and consisted of about a foot of naked stump, fringed near the root with a scanty and irregular wisp of grizzly hair. He had been originally a black, but his coat, as black coats are wont, had apostatized into a Mulatto: and, like all old coats too, betrayed every rent and mending that it had suffered in its whole course of wear and tear, together with large and frequent spots of bare, corny skin, which stared out like patches of another stuff, and gave the poor animal the same ragged, motley, beggar-like aspect that distinguished his loving master. On this reverend hack, with a sack for his saddle, Johnny usually took his station about an hour after day-light, and was

seldom restored to the ground before dark. His labour and ceremony of mounting were by no means the least entertaining act of his day to lookers-on, though a sore tax on his own infirmities. With the help of two or three neighbours, who would always willingly be present, and his own hooked fingers, he contrived to scramble up and fall upon his belly across his horse's back, where he lay straightened out and *see-sawing* like a plank, till he was stopped by his friends, who would swing him round, force open “his damned obstinate legs,” as he called them, and push him, and pull him, and poke him about, and so, at last compel him to sit. This difficulty conquered, he had still much to do before he got fairly under way. As he had no fund of ready activities about him for accidents as they might happen, it was an object to make his furniture and himself fast at once in the posture in which they were to remain, and which was best suited to his convenience and the general necessities of his voyage. And first his basket was handed up to him, the receptacle of his prizes, which he duly placed on his left thigh: he then introduced his left arm with the assistance of the right under the arch of the handle, and secured both articles in their places, by means of three or four turns of the bridle round his wrist. Bob, with many other faculties, had entirely lost his sense of bridle, yet the implement was still retained, and, bitless as it was, fastened to his head as to a post, not only for decency's sake, but as something for Johnny to take hold of for his ease and security. Now as our adventurer never dismounted when abroad, unless tempted by a mighty prize indeed, and as the act of dismounting and again mounting was, with such casual help as he could procure, in itself equivalent to at least half a day's work, he had provided against the necessity of leaving his seat by a simple instrument of his own invention—a long pole with a spike and hook at one end, with which he had learned to stick, pick, pull, and bring to basket all such valuables as he was ordinarily in the habit of meeting with. He grasped this pole

in the centre, bearing it as a knight bears his lance, and derived from it an air of Quixotic dignity and pretension that added greatly to the whimsicality of his whole figure and deportment. Thus fully equipped, he fearlessly trusted himself to the elements, making his way at a steady and solemn pace to the shore, to which all the winter through he was as constant as the tides. To have lived within sight of his bounds and not to have known him, would have been like not to have known the sky. During all the stormy season of the year he was as one of the natural parts of the sea-side, a something that one could as little have afforded to miss as a point of the bay, or the sands at low-water. There was cliff—and beach—and wind—and rain—and sea—and surf, and—"Old Johnny Wolgar." For me who was a sea-roamer like himself, there seldom passed a day in which I did not encounter him, and from our continual familiarity we soon became sworn friends and allies. I watched him narrowly, and have him, I think, in all his lineaments and actions thoroughly by heart. His riding was delicious. Nothing could be more sedate and slow than Bob's pace, (he had but one) and a man on his back would naturally have been subjected to little more agitation than in his easy chair. But Johnny had a series of actions—a regular body-work entirely of his own making, which, contrasted with the grave deportment of his beast, had a very ludicrous effect. A hasty observer might have attributed these actions to fair riding, but they were, in truth, in conformity rather with the speed at which his horse *ought* to have gone, than to any movements which he could actually be charged with. This system of self-impulsion (which gave him the air of outriding his horse all to nothing,) was originally adopted, perhaps, from testiness and impatience, and came at length to be persisted in as a mere habit—though it had the good effect of giving him a degree of exercise and warmth, which it was quite foreign from Bob's will or power to be in any way accessory to. The limits of authority and service had been long settled between them; their acts

were all grown into matters of custom and prescription, and there was no resistance on one side, because there was no command on the other. Each may have had his vagrant wishes—his unruly thoughts of a little faster or a little slower; but these never ripened into deeds. At every twentieth pace, Johnny stopped: and at every thirtieth pace, Bob stopped: Johnny stopped to see or fancy he saw something: and Bob stopped—it was not easy to say why—but he did—and so they proceeded, if such a term can be applied to them, darkling on their way through gloom and mist at the edge of the roaring surf, as satisfied with their destiny and each other as any couple in the world. I never discovered by what means of communication they conversed together: that there was no interpretation of purposes through whip, spur, or bridle, I can affirm; neither was there a word spoken—*gee-up* or *gee-wo*. There must have been some secret sympathy between them, I suspect, on all the great topics of the day, which each obeyed as an instinct—or it may be that Bob had as much taste and as ready an eye for a *waif* as his rider, and that so, under one impulse, they moved and paused together with such silent harmony. Be this as it may, Bob invariably, and of his free will, stopped just where it was expected he should, resuming his course in his own good time; and for this punctual service on his master's account, Johnny, to do him justice, gave him unlimited license in his own stops—still, however, preserving his personal independence, manifested by that same *voluntary* of his which I have spoken of—bowing and bobbing about on his stock-fast steed, like a child astride on a chair.

The journey, conducted on these principles, amounted (including the outward and homeward passage) to about five miles, and was performed generally in about seven hours. As a feat of activity, this may not be thought much of, yet, with its usual accompaniment of wind and wet, it would have killed thousands, I fancy, who make far more noise in the world than Johnny. For his part, he made not the

least account of the weather, as it addressed itself to his poor old hide; considering it good or bad only as it furnished provision for his basket. A fine day was a storm of wind from the south-west; and if there was a deluge of rain with it—why so—it was a mere chip in porridge. He sat in the rain with as much composure and apparent unconsciousness as a gooseberry bush. Not that he had a preference for such exposure, but that, duty impelling, and his character as a roamer being at stake, he had brought himself to this Spartan contempt of suffering. The south-east and south-west gales, the fiercest of the winter, were precisely those that sent most riches to the shore, so that if ever there was a day in the week peculiarly bad, Johnny had always the luck to be in the thick of it. He was often, to be sure, buffeted about by the wind most cruelly; and, in the weakness of his latter days, had sometimes much ado to maintain himself in any decent posture of ease, safety, or dignity. You might have seen him in a squall, clinging with both arms round his horse's neck—*tail* to wind,—his basket capsized and hastening fitfully homewards—his lance overboard—and himself in momentary danger of his dismissal before the rage of the tempest. This he called "lying-to." On such occasions his fragmental dress would be sorely discomposed, entire vestments would be blown from his back; while such rigging as still adhered to him became so loosened and at large, that he rattled in the wind like a ship "in stays." In this disordered plight, the dripping old Triton had to encounter on his way home through the village, the wit and banter of his fellow-townsmen, who being mostly sea-faring people, would hit him off in a variety of nautical allusions, making out in his lamentable figure, all the circumstances of a three-decker that had just been hurricaned over the Atlantic. All this Johnny bore with a seaman's patience: he had withstood the roaring and blasts of the gale without flinching or fear, and it would have been hard indeed if he was to be put out of his way by the breath of man.

His capabilities of endurance, in this

war of wind and rain, were a striking exemplification of the force of habit. He certainly did not derive them from the soundness and activity of his internal organs or the energies of his muscular system: he was miserably feeble—in every way worn out—yet he lived through a series of daily outrages that would have overpowered many a man with ten times his strength and powers of generating heat. His skin seemed entirely to have lost its excitability to the impressions of cold and wet! the whole outer crust of the man had become callous and insensible. He never "caught cold,"—indeed, he had never any particular disorder belonging to him—being sensible only of an equal and uniform decay—a regular and universal abatement of the vital principle. He was very old in short. All the injury that the weather could do him it had done; he was as stiff and cramped as it was possible to be, and having reached this degree of fixedness and schirrosity alive, he trusted his impenetrable trunk to the inclemencies of the skies, as confidently as his water-proof hat. The same remarks will precisely apply to his fellow-traveller Bob, of whom it could no longer be said that he was nimble and frisky, but who would stand to be pelted at by a winter's rain with a degree of spirit and alacrity, that would have shamed the best *Arabian* that ever was bred.

I do not mean it to be implied from this account of Johnny's hardihood that he was never cold; he was always so; as cold as any thing that has life—cold as a frog under the ice. It was only that he had no painful sense of such a state of body: he did not *feel* cold, though in point of fact he was well aware that he was never warm. His whole tangible frame,—the surface of him had been for some years, he imagined, dead: there might still, he suspected, be some slight processes of heat going on about his heart; but this feeble sun of his system was so nearly burned out, that it had no sympathies to spare for its remote dependencies—no fellow-feeling for the *tips* of him—no touch of kindness for distant relations in fingers and toes. His looks when abroad were hyperborean—quite

Polar; and might have served for a head of winter. A crystal drop always hung like a gem at his nose—and his eyes streamed with icy tears.

In his manners, Johnny was exceedingly respectful, preserving a stately ceremoniousness in his deportment, that savoured much of what we understand by the "old school" of politeness. He was none of your "free and easy" gentlemen, affected no republican rudeness and familiarity by way of asserting his rights—had a horror of radicalism—(he was one who had something to lose I warrant you) and never took a *liberty* with any man. Whenever we met he always took off his hat—held it scrupulously at some distance from his head, and made me a most deferential bow. I did not like this humility of obeisance, for though a great admirer of gentleness of manners, and no confounder of the distances and degrees that separate the classes of men—yet age with me has its own rank—its dignities in wrinkles and white hairs, that supersede all other distinctions. When a very old man, though in rags, prostrates himself before me, an upstart of yesterday, I cannot help feeling a sense of impropriety in the act—of violence done to the just order of precedence, as founded in the laws of natural etiquette, which no lowliness and beggary on his side can reconcile me to. The distinctions of rank should surely be maintained; but what is greater, in its claims to tender and respectful consideration, than threescore and ten? Johnny was pretty nearly a match for any body—but a few paces from that common home which makes equals of us all. With such feelings, I soon explained to him that he might spare his bow; but whatever may have been the worthiness of my intentions, they quite missed their mark, for the old man was so taken with what he was pleased to think my condescension in this respect, that he bowed to me with ten times more determinacy than ever—defeating me in the perverse spirit of Steele's funeral recruits—"the more he gave them—the merrier they looked."

It will scarcely be supposed that I was so incurious as not to have my

peep into his basket. I would not trifle with my reader's suspense; but what does he suppose I saw there? What was the result of the laborious preparations—the toilsome marches—and long scuffling with the tempest that I have explained of him? The produce was variable; but the following inventory may be relied upon as a pretty fair representation of its kind and amount for four days out of the six. "A piece of wood—oak—with a nail in it; (important;) three pieces of rope; (not worth much, but fit for oakum any day;) an old shoe—slight, and upper leather wanting; (good for nothing—but will burn;) a bit of stranded fish of the flat kind—much bruised, and rather 'on the go;' (to be reserved for dame Wolgar's judgment :) a piece of canvas—a mere rag, and quite rotten; (see how it turns out when dry—and when the worst's told will do for the paper-makers;) a piece of blue cloth—coarse—but in tolerable preservation; (do for a seat for son-in-law's breeches—make a mop—or a thousand things;) seven bones of the cuttle fish (sold at three pence a pound, to make pounce—or 'something white' for the doctors;) the brim of a hat; (no great matter, but to be taken home for—consideration :) a ship's block belonging to—(Hush!)." Add to this miscellany, a handful or two of sticks or chips for fire-wood, and you will have what Johnny would have esteemed a very reasonable day's allowance. One of the articles, the bones of the cuttle fish, valued at three-pence a pound, may raise an image of gain, which it is necessary to qualify a little. True it is that these bones could be sold at three-pence a pound, and a pound, with all Johnny's spirit and perseverance, could be collected in about a week. In the beginning of the winter, indeed, when these fish cast their bones (an odd habit! but I speak on Johnny's credit, being myself but superficial—only skin-deep—on cuttle-fish) they might be procured in greater abundance; but, even with this golden time included, he did not make up for the *merchant* more than a bushel in a winter. "And what, Johnny," said I, "may be the average amount

of your daily profits?" "Why, Sir," said he, "taking one day with another, I think I might go so far as to say fourpence a day." He sometimes got less—sometimes nothing—but he sometimes got more—sixpence—a shilling—and this very precariousness of his returns gave an animation to his pursuit, that blinded him to its worthlessness, and was its own sufficient reward. "I wonder what it will be to-day"—he would say at starting; and this wonder at his age—was worth any thing. A tub of gin might be picked up—there was no telling—and here was a ground of hope that sent him day after day to the beach, with a heart as light as his basket.

He had his comforts too of a more substantial character. Little as you might have thought of him, he had generally a piece of bread and cheese stowed away in some hole of his dress or other. This he called his dinner, and, incredible as it may appear to some people, he desired not a better. He never was hungry, and had outlived therefore all relish in eating. He used to talk of his stomach as if it and he were two persons; as if he had no living sympathies with it, and provided for its necessities as for those of his horse, or any foreign matter dependent on his care. "My stomach," he would say, "wants something—but I care little about it." He knew that he should become faint and weak by long inanition, and, to avoid this extremity, required himself to eat, having certain signs through the day out of himself, which regulated for him the seasons when this duty was to be performed. It was not—"I feel hungry," but "it is low-water," or "the flood-tide is making," and out came the bread and cheese.

Bob was still more abstemious, though his appetite probably, if he could have told his mind, was not quite so neutral on the subject of food as that of his master. He had a wonderful faculty of living both in and on the air, and tasted nothing else from early morning till he returned to his damaged hay at night. In the meanwhile, his monstrous belly grew larger and larger, as it grew emptier, though cer-

tain querulous expressions from within announced, from time to time, that this inflation had no refreshment in it. As the day advanced, Bob's visceral lamentations grew more urgent and audible, till they finally settled into an awful and continuous rumbling and rolling, like the muttering of distant thunder; and when it came to this pass, his master knew that it was time to be thinking of home.

It may be imagined from the account that I have given of his habits and modes of passing his time, that his life, so destitute of all that is commonly esteemed pleasurable and comfortable, must, of necessity, have been a miserable one. But it was no such thing; had it been so, I should not have treated it so lightly and mirthfully. He was the most uninterruptedly cheerful creature that ever I conversed with; not alone placid and patient, but full of an active, bustling happiness, extracted from the very circumstances that might have been regarded as his most grievous hardships. His *business* was the delight of his heart. The difficulties and uncertainties of his pursuit invested it with a dignity and a complication of relations, that kept his mind in continual and healthful agitation, and preserved in it, what is so rarely felt at his age in any condition, an interest in the common revolutions of the seasons, and the daily necessity of being alive. He was awake in every sense when he was not asleep; and had found out the great secret of ease and contentment, in having always something before him that he considered worth doing or suffering. He did not affect to love cold and rain on their own account; but he had some little pretence for exposing himself to them—and then is heroism nothing? Is glory nothing? Old gentlemen in their easy chairs and by their fire-sides, will scarcely believe that the consummation of all their brother Johnny's pleasures (and pleasures they were) was being wet to the skin; yet to my knowledge it was simply so. It is excitement—emotion—that people want, and this Johnny never was without. He attached as much importance to his occupation, and combined his plots and cal-

culations, with as much earnestness and solemnity, as if he had been a secretary of state. What does the pampered and gouty old alderman care to know, that the wind will be westerly next Wednesday; and that the sun went down last night in a fog bank? He is not moved, not he, though it be certain that spring tides are coming, which will lay bare the Cuckmore Sands, and the Fore Ness Rock. The world goes on without him, and he heeds it not; but languishes in a living death, in the midst of abundance, a finished fortune, and completed hopes. No such apathy ever fell upon Johnny; he looked out upon the heavens to the last, like one who had a personal concern—a voice in the great operations of nature; studied the lee and the weather sky, and the prognostications of the north-west (a mighty point with him) with as much anxiety as though he had had treasures due from all the quarters of the globe. A change of wind gave a new face to his destiny; and a shower of rain was a sign pregnant with infinite expectations. Even his grievances (for the best of us must have some care) had a vivacity and variety in them, that in the end did him service—stirred him up—and kept the elements of his mind and feelings sound, sweet, and wholesome. An east wind, for instance, was not received by him with the mere puny peevishness of age and rheumatism; he abused it heartily, and showed you on this topic that he had a tongue in his head, which would not bear an injury tamely. Was it not a smooth-water wind? Was it not a sheep's-head wind?—A perverse—starving—beggarly wind, that never brought good to man or brute, since the days of Adam? He never sunk into dulness—melancholy or despondence. If he was crossed, he was angry—and once in a way it is good to be angry. "Curse the east wind, and welcome—but cheer up withal; never despair, man: the south-west will come again, never fear, with its hurricanes and driving rains—its bottom-sweeping seas—its beach-stirring surfs, and cuttle-fish bones." There is something in these matters, we must allow, and they are

surely better than utter indolence and satiety.

Supplementary to his pleasing fatigues abroad, Johnny had the matchless comfort of an easy and quiet home, enlivened by the presence of one who had been his helpmate for fifty years, and in all the offices of affection and respect was still untired. His wife had a little more bodily activity than he had, and devoted all her surviving faculties to his service, and a sincere co-operation with him in his adventures by the sea-side. These were quite as important in her estimation as in his, and as far as her department in the concern allowed, she was quite as eager and persevering in promoting them. When he was with her there was always enough to do; and, in his absence, she had to set things in order for his return—and might help out the lingering time by visions of strange findings, and dreams of *El Dorado*. No man could be more decidedly "master in his own house" than Johnny: yet he was not harshly so—but rather, let me say, through the influence of his deserts—his importance in the state—his basket—of his knowledge and services; and, above all, of his wants and infirmities. There was something beautiful in his wife's perfect submission to him; she obeyed him, as it were involuntarily; his wants and wishes were to her as her will—the necessity that determined her motives, and directed all her actions. There is striking truth in Bacon's remark, that wives are young men's mistresses, and old men's nurses. A rheumatic lover—a worshiper with a white beard, is neither to be expected nor desired; and, oh! how much it speaks for the enduring kindness and constancy of women, that when we masters desist from our patronizing attentions, and lordlily demand their ministrations in the day of our decline, they forget not their fealty, but look down upon, and serve us—pity, and obey us. The sight of this old woman, herself so feeble and wasted, hovering about her wreck of a husband, with fearful tenderness—tyrannized over by his dependence—enslaved by his helplessness—was really as much

as a bachelor (poor barren unit) could bear.

Such were the duties and delights of Johnny's winter days. In the summer, whose gentle winds and moderate seas bring no harvest to the beach, he forsook his *natural* haunts, cast away his lance and basket, and appeared in the tame, dull character of an inland traveller and trader. Shrimping and prawning, according to the regular roamer's calendar, should have succeeded to the business of the winter; but as these tasks involved the necessity of standing and stooping, Johnny, who was nobody on the ground, was obliged to resign them to more pliant frames, and in the flowery month of May, retired absolutely and most reluctantly from all his maritime connections. Amongst his worldly goods, he numbered a cart, which had descended to him from his father, though he had mended it till you might almost say he had made it. One of the wheels, I believe, was aboriginal, and he used to point it out as something not to be matched by modern wheelrights, and certainly not by its companion. In this vehicle, such as it was, with Bob appended, and freighted with a light cargo of nuts, gingerbread, with such child's matters, together with a few fish occasionally, when he could raise money or credit for the purchase, he visited the neighbouring villages and farms—the delight of little children—the play-thing of village maids—and the butt of every clown that had a joke and a grin to spare. By such excursions he beguiled a little the long light of the summer; but they yielded him a miserable profit, and no cordial pleasure in any way. He would return sometimes bringing sad accounts of trade, and the condition of the country. "There never were such times—would you believe it?—a pint and a half of nuts—three hap'orth of gingerbread—with three whittings—and a dab—no more—and a day's work—it was enough to ruin any man. The fact is," said he, "there is no money,"—and he put on a definitive look that added—and you have *my* authority for saying so. I fear that Johnny was no unprejudiced reporter on this subject. Independent of his

beggarly gains he had a manifest distaste for the whole huckstering business, and never spoke of it in any of its circumstances without scorn. He pursued it as a duty, and because something like a daily task was necessary to his existence: but he was clearly like a creature out of his element in his cart. He languished under the tiresome sameness and stillness of sunny skies and dusty roads; and yearned for the animating violences, and all the hurly-burly of the beach, with a piping gale from the south. Besides there was a meanness—a paltry narrowness—in all his inland transactions that humbled and dispirited him. He who had so long been used to deal with the ocean, and bargain with the storm, could ill condescend to higgler with a child for a half-penny, and squabble with an old wife over a stale mackerel. With this indisposition to his commercial concerns, he attended to them but irregularly, and dozed away much of his time on the beach, stretched at his length in the sun, whose warmth kept him alive, supplying the place in his system of those kindling hopes and stirring chances, which bore him so bravely through the severity of his winter campaigns. Bob, in the meanwhile, who did not examine things so curiously, we may suppose, yielded to the leisure and quietness of these holiday-times with no apparent dissatisfaction. Tethered at the roadside, he had free access to the pasture of a parched, powdered hedge; and if he got not a full meal, he had his next best blessing in this world,—a long stop. There he stood, the nucleus of a cloud of flies—a picture of patience—vacant—noteless—or sometimes napping brokenly—with no care but how to keep his heavy drowsy head from the ground.

As my own summer tastes led me rather to the solitudes of meadows and corn-fields, than to the haunts of my fellows, my communication with Johnny was not so constant at this season as in the winter; but we occasionally met in the roads, and I saw quite enough of him in his new character to complete my general portrait of him. If he had a satisfaction in his cart, it

was derived certainly from his horse, and the pride of driving; he had no little conceit in himself as "a whip." The first time I ever met him on the road, he asked me how I thought Bob "looked in harness." My own interest (that perhaps of an idle and listless mind) in the small doings of this simple creature, may be betraying me, I fear, into a prolixity of trifling, that may be tiresome to my readers. I hasten—poor old soul! as he did—to his end.

Towards the close of a wet and stormy day in February last, a man living at a tide-mill close upon the sea-shore, observed Johnny's horse at the distance of about half a mile from him, standing alone on the beach, his rider being nowhere to be seen. As such a circumstance was not quite unprecedented, he retired to his work, giving it little consideration; but when, in half an hour afterwards, he looked out again and saw things precisely in the same posture, he began to think, making all due allowances for their peculiar usages, there was something in this protracted steadfastness of the horse, and concealment of his master, that was strange and alarming. An hour elapsed—the night was drawing on, and still there was no change; when the man, a good-natured fellow, who knew Johnny well, and would not have had him come to harm for a trifle, felt his apprehension so much awakened, that he determined to walk down to the place where the horse stood, and ascertain what was the matter. When he had got better than half way, he began hallooing as he walked, and then stopped in the fearful hope of seeing Johnny's well-known hat peep up above the long level ridge of the shingles, and hearing himself hailed in his turn; but no such image appeared on the dreary waste, and no voice but his own mingled with the raving of the wind and the roar of the surf. He then advanced till he distinguished the body of the old man, lying on its face, stretched stiff out (as it always was, lying or standing), and close under his horse, whose nose was drooping down, till it rested apparently on the shoulders of his master. With a sickening foreboding of the truth that

held back his feet, the man was still willing to hope that the travellers were both asleep, and he called out lustily upon Johnny; but received no notice in return, except from the horse, who raised his head, looked at him for a moment, and then resumed his former attitude, to wait for another signal of release, which was never to be seen again. The friendly miller now hastened at once to the body, "gave it a bit of a kick," crying, "Master Wolgar, Master Wolgar," stooped down, and turning over the face, which was bloody, and rooted down among the stones, found the old roamer stiff and cold—that indeed he had been for years, and alive—but he was now stiff and cold, and dead. His horse's bridle was still twisted as usual round his wrist, and, had he not been discovered before dark, the patient beast, confined by that slight bond as by a chain of iron, would have stood, probably, till he had dropped and perished by his master's side.

It was "a fit," people said, that thus suddenly terminated poor Johnny's career; and the coroner with all his skill could make out little more than what will be reported of us all in our turn, that he was "found dead." This was following up his business with a gallantry that was worthy of him—facing the enemy to the last moment, and dying under arms. He had complained of no indisposition, no unusual sensations on last leaving his home; but started on his expedition with his accustomed alacrity—beat his way against wind and rain, to the ordinary boundary of his outward voyage—and there "brought up," to rest from his roaming for ever.

How much I grieved for his loss—what gloom was cast over my solitary rambles on the shore, by this sudden removal of his friendly familiar face—my readers may guess; I will not oppress them with any parade of sentiment. To my imagination the beach has been *haunted* ever since; in certain states of the weather I still see the grotesque figure of the mounted roamer poking and peering about on the border of the surf.

In a few days a solemn bell announc-

ed to us poor Johnny's funeral—always an impressive scene in a small community, where all are known, and the meanest is missed. There was no lack of honest mourners to follow him; and if I breathed out my prayer with

the rest for his peace, it was an act of obsequiousness (to say nothing of feeling) which I owed him, had it been only in return for the many, many times that he had bared his white head to the wind in courtesy to me.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE AGAINST THE TURKS.

(Mon. Mag. Sept.)

Extraordinary Journal, called "the Bloody Journal," kept by William Davidson, on-board the St. Dinian Russian Privateer, in the Years 1788 and 9; with some Particulars of the said William Davidson.

PREFATORY MEMORANDUM.

IN the year 1791, a seaman, by name William Davidson, who belonged to one of the boats of the Niger frigate, being intoxicated, and insolent to the midshipman who was on duty in the boat, was put into confinement; and on the following day, his offence being of a nature which called for particular notice, was brought on deck and ordered to receive a dozen lashes. The punishment was not inflicted with more than ordinary severity, but the feelings of the man under it seemed very poignant: he made the strongest efforts to extricate himself from his situation, and was frequently thrown into convulsions. Such suffering being never witnessed by the bystanders, on the fourth or fifth lash the punishment was stopped; when, being almost in a state of insensibility, he was released, and returned to his duty.

Some months afterwards, he was guilty of a similar offence, but in an aggravated degree: he struck the midshipman, and was, consequently, put again into irons. In consequence of the severity of his sufferings on the former occasion, it was determined to keep him a good while in confinement; and let that punishment, together with his contrition,—which it was expected he would of course manifest—plead an excuse against further corporal punishment. With this intention he was ordered on deck; but, conceiving the nature of his offence did not admit of excuse, he made an effort to cut his

throat, and then attempted to rush overboard; in both which he was prevented. It being thought equally impossible, under such circumstances, either to pardon or punish the man, he was re-ordered to his confinement; from which he was, after suitable exhortation, released.

There was afterwards a confused story in the ship, which caused a good deal of conversation among the people, of some extraordinary situations in which this man had been; and it was said he had in his chest a book which recorded some wicked scenes. His conduct having marked a something particular in this man, his chest was ordered to be searched; which being done, the following journal was found. He was at that time upwards of thirty years of age; had received some education; was a north country man; of a dark complexion, gloomy, and saturnine. When he was questioned concerning the Journal, he always said it was a faithful record of the events he had witnessed.

On being asked how he could be guilty of such multiplied cruelties, and yet himself shrink from a punishment trifling compared with those he had inflicted, he said the thought of punishment was dreadful beyond description to his mind, and that death in any shape was preferable to it. It being enquired of him if he felt any remorse for the barbarities he had committed, he turned aside, and said he wished to God he had never seen that vessel: he protested that neither himself nor any of his countrymen had a thought of getting into the situation they found themselves in, until it was too late to be extricated; that at first they viewed with horror those scenes of blood, and

could not be brought to partake in the execution of them : but their dread and repugnance wore off by degrees ; and he confirmed that extraordinary remark in the Journal, that " in the end our countrymen not only performed their parts, but became volunteers in the barbarities."

Davidson deserted from the Niger at Portsmouth in 1794 ; and, it was reported, he was afterwards pressed on-board the Royal George, and drowned by accident.

Journal of a Voyage kept by William Davidson, seaman on board a Russian Privateer in the Year 1789.

Dec. 3, 1788.—We sailed from Leghorn, in a prosperous gale, on-board the St. Dinian Russian privateer, bound to Messina, in Sicily, as a merchant-vessel. From thence she was to get a clearance, and to go cruizing.

Dec. 7.—We had not been long out, before the wind came to the eastward, and, blowing very hard we were obliged to bear away for Porto Ferajo, in the island of Elba. Soon got in, and moored. At that place, we were getting the guns and shot from under the ballast, and fixing them on the carriages when, on their taking notice from the shore that we were fitting out as a vessel of war, they sent an order on-board for us to sail immediately : if not, that they would stop the ship ; as it is not allowed for a ship of war to fit-out in any port belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Dec. 22.—Sailed for Messina with a fair wind, and clear weather.

Dec. 25.—The wind coming a-head, and blowing hard, obliged us to bear away for Leghorn.

Dec. 27.—Got into Leghorn, and moored ship. Lay there thirteen days ; in which time we got all our guns fixed, and every thing ready for sea.

Jan. 17, 1789.—We set sail for Messina with a fair wind, and clear weather.

Jan. 24.—Arrived safe at our intended port, where all the English would have left the ship if they could ; but the captain would not allow them to go

until he could get to Malta,—thinking he could get hands there.

Feb. 2.—Sailed for the island of Malta.

Feb 9.—Got in.

Feb. 11.—Got *pratique*.

Feb. 12.—Hauled the ship up, and moored her. We mended all our sails, and made new nettings ; and got small arms on board, in number thirty, cutlasses fifty, blunderbusses twenty-four, pistols eighty ; but the grand master would not allow us to take men, which made the English very discontented, as they could not get their discharge. There came on-board us three slaves on the 14th ; they were assassins, that had made their escape ; but our captain protected them, as they had entered with us.

Feb. 16.—Sailed for the island of Zante, and we were obliged to go with them, as it was said we were there to man our ship. This frightened us, as the inhabitants of that place are nothing but thieves, and mostly pirates. All this time we had a fair wind, and clear weather, until we got as far as Solen. Then the wind came against us, and, blowing hard, we were obliged to bear away for Cephalonia, where we got safe in, and moored. We had not been in many days before we got sixty of these pirates on-board. The carpenters cut two port-holes between decks, in which we put two twelve-pounders, and then got every thing ready for sea.

Sailed on the 7th of March for the island of Prevesa, and on the 11th got in, and moored ship. On the 13th, we had not been in long, before we heard there were some pirates in the mountains. To them our captain wrote several letters, inviting them to come on-board ; and so they did. There came down thirty-four of them, well armed ; and we took in every one of them, which made the Englishmen and Italians very discontented,—as they were all pirates.

March 16.—A boat came, and told us there were four vessels in Cephalonia with Turkish cargoes on-board, but Greek sailors ; on which we unmoored ship.

March 17.—Steered for that place.

March 18.—Spoke a Ragusa brig, with Turkish passengers in from Candia, bound to Zea; who had a great quantity of dollars and silk, which we took from them. The Turks we let go as they were taken under neutral colours.

March 19.—We shared the dollars, which came to forty-three per man. As for the silk, the captain kept it all for himself.

March 22.—We saw a vessel going down along shore. We hauled up the long-boat, put three swivels and thirty-five armed men in it, and sent her after the vessel. It was calm, and we soon came up with her. We fired two guns, which she returned, and both sides fired for the space of forty minutes. Our lieutenant being wounded, and five men killed, our boat was obliged to return on board.

April 1.—We saw a sail a-head, and gave chase, and soon came up with her. She was laden with wine and brandy; which we took out, and sunk the ship, first killing nine Turks that were on-board; but the Greeks entered with us.

April 2.—We sailed for Silere; and that same day got in, and moored ship. Some vessels made an attempt to get away; but we armed the long-boat, and sent her out in the night, to lay in wait for them as they went out; but, taking notice of this, they never moved. In the mean time, the long-boat fell in with a vessel under Jerusalem colours, but Turkish property, consisting of nine bales of silk, and honey and soap. The rest we sunk in the vessel,—people and all together; fifteen Turks in number. That same night we took another; but she had nothing but ballast; so we let her go.

April 6.—We got all our sails and lumber on-shore, and all the ballast out of the hold.

On the 8th and 9th we were working very hard, and had but little wine on-board, when the captain ordered the second lieutenant to go out in the little boat; and gave him orders to take the first vessel he met with, let her be what she would, if she had wine on-

board; which he did, for he brought in a vessel that had seven pipes of Cyprus wine; which we took out, and let the vessel go. She was a Greek settee from Samos.

April 11.—We righted ship, and took all the ballast in. We hauled out from the shore, bent all our sails, and got the ship ready for sea.

April 13.—Unmoored, and got all the vessels' boats in the harbour to tow us out; but, before we went out, the merchants belonging to these vessels gave our captain 15,000 hard dollars, for not troubling them any longer; on which our captain told them, he would give them three days to get away, and no longer. We had a fair wind at four o'clock, and came to an anchor on the Turkish shore; where we sent the long-boat and yawl, armed for stock, of which they killed five bullocks, and thirty-four sheep, besides leaving a number which the boats could not bring off.

April 14.—We saw a pirate, which came on-board us, and told our captain, that if he lay here he would capture plenty of small vessels belonging to Cyprus; but they carried only fire-wood, and our captain said it was not worth his time to go after them. This pirate had in the harbour a Ragusan and three Venetians, which he had taken two days before, and was removing the best of every thing out of them, to sink them. As for the crews, they had killed them when they were taken. Instead of our detaining this pirate, we gave him powder, shot, and arms; and let him go because he was one of our captain's old acquaintance. We saw two ships coming towards us, when we got all hands to quarters, and every thing ready for engaging; as we took them to be Turkish men-of-war: but, as they came within gun-shot, they hoisted Russian colours; which we were glad to see. They were two privateers bound to Zante.

April 15.—We sailed for the island of Zante; and, the next day, got in and moored. The captain went on shore, thinking to get *pratique*; but could not, as we had been on the Turkish shore.

April 22.—We got all our provisions and water on-board.

April 23.—Employed setting the rigging fore and aft; and got every thing ready for sea.

April 24.—There was a Ragusa ship lying in Zante, that had Turkish passengers on-board for Smyrna, and had 2,500 dollars belonging to these Turks. Our captain was resolved to follow her.

April 25.—She sailed about ten o'clock in the morning, and was about six leagues off when we got under weigh, and gave her chace: but she escaped.

April 26.—This morning stood in for the Turkish shore, where we saw a vessel at anchor, and, seeing us coming in, she got under-way as fast as she could. We soon followed, and, coming within gun-shot, fired twenty-three guns at her before she hove-to. We plundered her of every thing she had on-board; and one of our men killed their captain and two men, for asking him to return a small chest of turbans and sashes.

April 28.—Saw several vessels, yet did not go after them; but went into an harbour in the island of Cerigo, where we came to anchor.

April 29.—A vessel came in under Jerusalem colours: was a good prize for us if at sea; but, as we were under a Venetian fort, we could not take her. This same day the captain went on-shore, to see if he could get any hands.

April 30.—Came in that same vessel which engaged our long-boat on the 22d of March, and our captain resolved to be revenged; so at night we armed the boats and sent them out to lay wait for her, if she should come out. About eleven o'clock at night she got under weigh, and was going out, when our boats fell in with her, and killed all hands on-board, except two boys, whom we put on shore at Thiona.

May 2.—There came on-board twenty-three sailors, which made our complement 215. In the afternoon our captain came on-board, and ordered all hands aft, and read his commission, which was, that we were going against the Turks; and, as they were a cruel enemy, that we must stand true

to our colours, and neither give nor take quarter, but burn and destroy all that came in our way; and the more we should take, the more we should have for ourselves, besides doing so much good for the Russian empress. All hands gave him three cheers, and said there was no fear. At night we sailed for the Archipelago.

May 3.—We hailed a Venetian ship, bound for Smyrna; overhauled her, and took her.

May 4.—Saw a ship; gave chace; and at five o'clock got alongside her. She proved to be a Turkish cruizer of fourteen guns; and, after engaging her half an hour, she struck: on which we put the prisoners to death, (173 in number,) took the best of every thing out of the ship, and sunk her.

May 5.—Saw a small vessel from the mast-head, and, it being calm, we armed the long-boat, and sent her after her. She took her, and brought her alongside: she proved to be a Turk, loaded with wine and brandy. We put the prisoners to death, took what wine and brandy we wanted out of her, and set her on fire. In the mean time, there was another coming round the island; which our long-boat boarded without any defence. She proved to be a good prize, loaded with cotton, silk, and honey. In the afternoon it came on to blow and rain. At ten o'clock we lost sight of our prize.

May 6.—This morning we stood in for a small island belonging to the Greeks. All hands went on-shore, and plundered them of every thing they had on the island.

May 8.—We heard that our people in our late prize were prisoners in the island of Medras, to which the vessel belonged: this so enraged our captain, that he swore he would have them out, or put every man, woman and child, to death in the island.

May 9.—We sailed for Medras, but the next morning we saw a sail, to which we gave chace, and soon got alongside: she proved to be a privateer belonging to Tunis. She engaged us an hour before she struck. We took all the prisoners on-board in number 125; and one of them told our captain they would have struck soon-

er, only they expected us to board them, and they would then have blown the ship up; on which our captain ordered them all back. We then took some of their small arms, and made this man we kept on-board, go and set the ship on fire,—people and all together. It was a dreadful sight. We forgave the man, and put him ashore on one of the Greek islands.

May 12.—At ten o'clock at night the wind came in our favour.

May 13.—We got into Medras, and fired several guns into the town, which knocked down some of the houses, and killed several of the people. The governor came off to know why we behaved in this manner, when our captain made answer, that if he did not deliver his people up, and the vessel he took, he would put every one in the place to death. The governor made answer, that he had never seen or heard from her since she sailed from thence. The governor now went on-shore, and sent us in provisions and 500 sequins. That night we sailed again, and the next morning spoke a French brig, who told us our prize was gone down to Cerigo. We then steered for that place, and the next day took a small vessel with Cyprus wine; from which we took what we wanted, and sunk the vessel. The Turks we put to death on board our own ship,—fifteen in number.

May 15.—We got into Cerigo, and found our prize there and another which she had taken; but we could not make a prize of her, as she belonged to some Greek merchants. We took all the silk and cotton, and most of the honey, out of our prize, and, getting ten six pounders from the shore, put them on board our prize, with sixty hands, as a tender to go with us.

May 19.—We sailed for the Arches; that same day we saw seven sail, to which we gave chase, and soon came up with them. These proved to be prizes to a Russian privateer, bound to Trieste, under her own convoy, and all richly laden.

May 21.—Anchored in Theans, where they were glad to see us come in, as a Turkish galley, on the other side

of the island, was going to plunder them in the night. At one o'clock we sent the tender after her, and at three in the morning she took her, without the least defence. She had on-board eighty-five hands, which we took on-board us, and confined them in the hold until the next day; when they were called up one by one, and had their heads cut off, in the same manner as we cut duck's heads off at home, and we then threw them overboard. This was the first time we were obliged to take it by turns to put them to death: the English, when called upon, at first refused it; but when the captain told them they were cowards, or people that were afraid of their enemies, and that he could not believe they were Englishmen, they went, and did the same as the rest; and, afterwards were even worse than the others,—for they always were first when such work was going on; and, at last, got quite used to it. Sometimes we had three or four in a day to put to death for each man's share.

May 24.—Our tender brought in a good prize, loaded with honey, soap, and tobacco; which we sent to Malta.

May 25.—About four o'clock saw a sail in the offing, which we took to be a Turkish man-of-war; we slipped our cables and went after her, and got every thing ready for engaging her. When we got within gun-shot of her, we fired a gun and she did the same, and hoisted her colours: she was a French frigate, looking out for pirates. They sent their boat on-board to know where we fitted-out, and what we were doing; but our captain would only tell them he was a Russian cruizer, and that his commission was as good as their's: when the French captain told us to mind what we were about, and stood out to sea; and we into harbour for our anchors and cables.

May 26.—We sailed in the afternoon, and fell in with the French frigate again; but she said nothing to us.

May 30.—Boarded a French ship from Smyrna, bound to Algiers, with Turkish passengers on-board. We took their goods from them, and let them go.

May 31.—Came to an anchor at the island of Cashio, and plundered it of every thing we could ; besides burning the town, and all the vessels in the place.

June 2.—Sailed for the island of Nar-ris ; which we plundered of silk, and burnt the Turkish governor's palace, and a new frigate on the stocks ; besides killing twenty Turks, that had no time to make their escape.

June 4.—Spoke a polacca, which told us there was a Turkish xebec in Scandaroon, bound to Smyrna, with money to pay the soldiers, besides coffee and rice ; and that she would sail the first fair wind. We now hauled up for the north end of Cyprus, where we knew the xebec must pass.

June 7.—Saw her, and gave chase ; and, at four in the afternoon, got alongside. She engaged us an hour and a half, and then struck. She had on-board twenty-four guns, and 250 men. We took all the prisoners on-board, and sent the prize to Malta. Our ship's company was now reduced to sixty-five.

June 8.—At two o'clock we put all the prisoners to death. We fell in with several merchant-vessels of all nations, and took out of them as many as made our ship's company 115 ; so that we were ready for a fresh cruize.

June 12.—Spoke a Venetian ship, that came from Jaffa, bound to Constantinople. She told us there was a Turkish vessel there, bound for Rhodes, loaded with coffee and rice ; with twelve guns, and sixty men on-board. At four o'clock in the afternoon we were alongside of her : she engaged us half an hour, and then struck. We took all the prisoners on-board, and sent the prize to Leghorn.

June 13.—We put all the prisoners to death. At six in the afternoon we saw a sail to leeward ; to which we gave chase, and soon came up with her : she was a Greek ship laden with wood for the Turks. We took the men out of her, and set her on fire ; and then we steered for Syria. We had not sailed above three leagues before the man at the mast-head saw two vessels at anchor, and our tender went

in and spoke them. They were Turks : one had three bales of silk, and nine bales of turbans ; in the other was nothing but ballast.

June 14.—We took the silk and turbans out, put the people on shore, and set the vessels on fire. Next morning we saw three more vessels at anchor, and went in after them. They were Turkish ships loading for Alexandria. We took all the prisoners on board, and burnt their ships. At four o'clock we put them all to death.

June 15.—We steered for Castle R, and hoisted Venetian colours. Here was a large town, without any appearance of guns ; and, as soon as we came within gun-shot, we fired in among the houses, hauled down the Venetian colours, and hoisted Russian. All hands went on-shore, and plundered them of every thing they had, besides burning one-half of the town, and killing all the Turks who could not get away. As for plunder no one could tell the amount, as we took much gold and silver out of their churches ; such as images and candlesticks.

June 16.—Went out, and spoke a French brig from Smyrna, bound to Marseilles, loaded with wool and hemp.

June 17.—In the morning spoke a Venetian polacca, that told us there were three Turkish ships in Alexandria, laden with coffee and rice for Constantinople ; on which we bore away for Rhodes, as they must pass there.

June 18.—At day-light we saw five sail close in with the land, which we went in after, thinking they were good prizes ; but, to our great misfortune, found them to be Turkish men-of-war, of fifty guns, of forty-four guns, and three of forty guns each. They gave us chase, and at seven the frigate came alongside. The captain wanted to engage, but the lieutenant would not until the others should be farther astern of us. In the mean time, the frigate kept continually firing at us. At half past ten we hauled down the French colours and engaged her ; and shot away her fore-topsail yard. She then tried to go down to the others ; but, before she had got from under our guns, we

had set her on fire. By this time the others got up with us, and we filled the train in the magazine, ready to blow the ship up, if any of them boarded. We made sure of being taken; but, as God would have it, we got so close to the fifty gun ship's stern, and we fired as fast as we could, until we silenced the guns; and, taking to the small arms, we killed most of their men,—for they could not make any sail to get away. The frigate had now got her fore-top-sail yard up, and came up to us, as she sailed better than we did: so we were obliged to engage her once more; but we soon disabled her, by carrying away her fore-topmast half down. We then had the small ones to keep off; but as soon as they saw that the two large ships were disabled, they made sail from us, which we were very glad of, as it was half past eleven at night, and we had seventeen killed and nine wounded; and all our sails and rigging torn to pieces,—our force being only twenty-two guns. If there had been another of the same force with us we should have taken the whole of them. Having got clear of them, we began to wish ourselves clear of the cruise, and ship.

June 16.—We steered for Sarpanta, to get repaired.

June 20.—The captain went on-shore, and got plenty of people to help us; and we were ready for sea by the 24th.

June 24.—At four o'clock in the morning sailed for the island of Cyprus, and in the afternoon fell in with a Turkish vessel, loaded with honey, oil, and cotton; from which we took all the prisoners, and sent her to Leghorn.

June 25.—We put the prisoners to death; and in the afternoon took a large Turkish ship, loaded with cotton, hemp, and three jars of honey, besides ready money. We put thirteen hands on-board her, but took the prisoners out, and sent the prize to Leghorn.

June 26.—At ten o'clock we put the prisoners to death.

June 27.—The captain ordered that the prisoners in future should be put to death in the head, as there was such dirty decks with them always. In the

afternoon we took a small vessel, laden with nuts; which we sunk, people and all together. We then steered for Jaffa to get water, for we had very little on-board.

June 28.—We got in, and sent the tender and long-boat, with sixty armed men, on shore, to fill water; but we had only twelve butts filled, when we saw above 2000 Turks and Moors coming down on horseback towards us; and we were obliged to haul the tender close in shore to cover our men. Before we got it all on-board, we had three men killed; but how many of the Turks we could not tell, as we could see a great number of their horses fall by the shot from our tender. As soon as we got the water stowed, and the ship clear, we made weigh, and steered for Alexandria.

June 29.—We saw five sail a-head to which we gave chase, and soon came up with them. We took two; the other three got on-shore. One of them was a good prize, loaded with cotton and silk, besides a great deal of money; the other was loaded with rice and coffee; but, as we could not spare any hands to send them to Leghorn or Malta, we took the best of every thing out of them, and sunk them,—people and all together. In the afternoon we spoke a Ragusa polacca, which told us there were seven sail of Algerine xebecs cruising in the Arches.

June 30.—We sailed for the Nile, as it was the best way to keep from the Algerines, and a good place to cruise in. At night we took a small vessel, laden with wine and soap; and, taking some of the wine out of her, sunk the vessel and people together.

July 1.—At the Nile we went in, and made three large ships and two small ones our prize, without the least defence; but, before we could board them, almost all the people jumped overboard, and swam on-shore. These vessels were loading with coffee and rice for Constantinople. We loaded the two largest with what was in the others, and sent them to Leghorn, which made us short hands; as, all together, we now were but seventy-five.

July 2.—After manning the two prizes, we sailed for Cerigo, to get more hands: we burnt the ships we did not take. At four o'clock in the afternoon we took two good prizes, that came from Scandaroon, bound to Rhodes, with honey, hemp, and oil. We took what we wanted out of them, and sunk them, prisoners and all together.

July 3.—We took a large ship, loaded with sheep and cattle, Turkish property, but Greek sailors, who entered on-board us. We then took what we wanted out of the prize, and sunk her.

July 4.—We got into Cerigo, and that same day we got our water on-board, and thirty men next morning.

July 6.—At nine o'clock in the morning we sailed with a fair wind for Caramania; saw a large ship to leeward, to which we gave chase, and at six o'clock came up with her. She proved to be a Turkish ship from Alexandria to Constantinople, laden with coffee, rice, and hemp; she had twenty-one guns and 200 Turks on-board: she engaged us two hours and an half, —then struck: having twenty-three killed, and nineteen wounded. We had five killed and thirteen wounded. We took the prisoners on-board us, and sent fourteen hands on-board the prize and sent her to Malta.

July 7.—We put the prisoners to death at six o'clock in the morning.

July 9.—We took a small galley which the Turks had sent out as a spy after us: she had eighty men and small arms on-board. We put all the Turks to death, except one man, whom we put on-shore on account of his telling us where the Turkish fleet lay. He told us there were three sail of the line, and five frigates, besides a great many xebecs, at the island of Rhodes, waiting for the Russians to go up the Arches to get behind them.

July 10.—We bore up for Syracuse, in Sicily, to try if we could get any consort before we should cruize again.

July 13.—In the afternoon got into Syracuse, where there were three Russian privateers ready for sea,—one of eighteen, and two of twenty guns each.

July 14.—We got in our water and provisions, with every thing ready for sea.

July 15.—Early in the morning there came into harbour two privateers from Trieste, and at six o'clock there came three privateers from Leghorn, which made us nine sail. The least of us mounted sixteen guns, and the Commodore thirty-four; and now we thought ourselves able to attack even the Turkish fleet, although they had three sail of the line, and five frigates, besides a number of smaller vessels.

July 17.—We all sailed together for the island of Malta.

July 18.—We fell in with the two Maltese frigates, and they went up with us, in hopes of meeting with the Turkish fleet. We cruized off the island of Rhodes for five days, but they never offered to come out. In the mean time, one of the Malta frigates went into the harbour's mouth, and fired at them lying at anchor; but they would not come out.

July 25.—We went round the southwest part of the island, where we sent all our boats on shore, armed, for stock, but they got only a few goats.

July 26.—We all parted company, seeing that the Turkish fleet would not come out to fight us; some for the Barbary shore, some for the coast of Syria, and our ship for the coast of the Morea.

July 28.—At six in the morning we saw a large ship close in under the land; after which we made sail, thinking she was a Turkish frigate. We got every thing ready for engaging her, and at ten o'clock we came alongside of her, but she proved to be a French frigate. He told us he was looking out for a pirate, that had done much mischief on that coast.

July 29.—We spoke a Venetian ship, that had been chased into Cerigo by the same pirate.

July 30.—We made the island of Cerigo, and cruized off there for three days, and saw no vessel of any kind which our captain said was from fear of this pirate: there was no vessel on the coast.

August 3.—We saw a large ship close in the west side of the island,

which we steered for ; but, to our misfortune, found it to be the very pirate which the French frigate was looking after. She engaged us from ten o'clock in the morning until half past three in the afternoon, and then she hauled down her colours, after having fifty-four killed and forty-three wounded: she mounted thirty-two guns, nine and six pounders, with a complement of 378 men, but they were all of different nations, which created much confusion during the action. At six o'clock in the afternoon we took all the prisoners on-board, and confined them in the hold.

Aug. 4.—In the morning our captain called all the prisoners on deck, and examined them; when they confessed they had taken a great many vessels of all nations, killed all the people, and sunk the vessels after taking every thing out of them worth taking; on which our captain told them they should all be put to the cruellest death that could be invented; and he was as good as his word.

Aug. 5.—We got whips on the mainstay, and made one leg fast to the whip, and the other to a ring-bolt in the deck; and so quartered them, and hove them overboard. As for the wounded, we put them to death after the ship had struck.

Aug. 6.—We washed the ship fore and aft (above and below), which it stood in much need of, after so much carnage on-board; what with our own men killed and wounded, and putting the prisoners to death.

Aug. 6.—We went into the island of

Zante, where we sent all our wounded men to the hospital, and got every thing ready for sea again.

Aug. 7.—An order came from the Russian consul at Trieste for us to come up there, and join Commodore William Colonour's squadron.

Aug. 8.—In the afternoon we got under weigh, and steered for Trieste with a fair wind.

Aug. 11.—We spoke the Ambuscade English frigate, Captain O'Hara, who came from Leghorn, and was bound to Smyrna.

Aug. 14.—After riding fifteen days quarantine, we got *pratique*, when the ship was ordered into the Mole, to be repaired as quick as possible. In the mean time, the Englishmen that were on-board got their discharge, their wages and their share of plunder besides, which came to 950 dollars a man; and I was on-board only from the first of December, 1788, to the 6th of September, 1789.

Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, clerk of his majesty's sloop Sparrowhawk, Capt. Burgoyne, when lying at Malta in 1816, copied this morsel of modern history from the original, in the Secretary's Office, where it had been left by Lord Hood.

Can we wonder at the butcheries at Scio, or at the massacres which the Turks perpetrate on the Greeks! The above monsters appear to have held a regular commission for their deeds of blood from the Russian government, and to have been duly recognized by its authorities!

(Mon. Mag.)

SONNET, ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL INFANT DEAD.

Can this be death? Can this be that fell pow'r
Which robs the world of beauty and of bliss?
It looks like slumber's softest, calmest hour,
And may the infant never wake from this?
Alas! its lips are pale,—no gentle breath
Escapes from them, like Summer's mildest sigh;
No throbbing pulse is there: it must be death!
But who shall tell us what it is to die?
All that we know of life is like a dream,—
A dream that ends when death's dark hour is giv'n
But death we know not; only that we deem,—
In holy hope,—it leads the soul to Heav'n!
Farewell, sweet babe! thou wert an angel here,
Now thou art a seraph in a higher sphere.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

" I ask'd of Time, from whom those temples rose,
 That prostrate by his hand in silence lie.
 His lips disdain'd the mystery to disclose,
 And, borne on swifter wing, he hurried by !—
 ' These broken columns whose ? ' I ask'd of Fame :
 (Her kindling breath gives life to work sublime,)
 With downcast looks of mingled grief and shame,
 She heav'd th' uncertain sigh, and follow'd Time.
 Wrapt in amazement, o'er the mouldering pile,
 I saw Oblivion pass, with giant stride ;
 And whilst his visage wore pride's scornful smile,
 ' Haply thou knowest, then tell me whose, ' I cried,
 ' Whose these vast domes that even in ruin shine ? '
 ' I reckon not whose, ' he said ; ' they now are mine ! ' "

ANON.

THE beauty of a Magazine is, that it thrusts knowledge into a man's face, and makes him wise whether he will or not. There are many hundred books, containing descriptions of Rome, to get at which the will is first to be exerted, and then the pocket ; whence it is that a great many persons, who would give their eyes almost to see the Roman ruins, never take the trouble to look for them in books, or even in the prints of Piranesi. But what is a bore in quarto, is agreeable in the columns of a favourite Journal. Besides, most writers on the subject have undertaken to guide, more than to describe, and so demand the presence of their readers on the spot, instead of attempting to give an idea of the scene, to the many who must necessarily be ever absent. To these many, prints should be the most satisfactory source of information ; yet, certainly, he that never looked at Piranesi, has a much truer idea of the remains of ancient Rome, than he who has pored over that artist's lying engravings. Piranesi first sketches the arch or column, and then puts a speck of a man at its foot, in order to indicate the height of the ruin. How much, in this way, his dimensions are to be relied on, may be judged from his print of the Arch of Severus, in the Velabrum, to pass under which a man must stoop, while in Piranesi, the arch (if it can be called one) would measure twenty times the height of the pigmies at its base. With the exception of the Colosseum, the chief thing that astonishes a foreigner in Rome, is the pettiness and crowdedness of its ruins, and the narrow scale on which everything was built.

You read a catalogue of three or four hundred edifices in Nardini, and are told that they were all in the Forum. Now, the Roman Forum contained, about the length, and about half the breadth of one of our London squares ; so that even without allowing any room or open space for their popular assemblies, it is difficult to find ground-room for so many buildings. Time, however, has left us the means of judging :—there is a pretty little round building on the banks of the Tiber, about the size of a watch-box, although surrounded by Corinthian columns ; this was the temple of Vesta. The pretended temple of Romulus is not larger ; while that over the Clitumnus you might put in your pocket. The famous Mamertino prison, which Sallust describes in such pompous language, is a square building of a few feet. There are the remains of three temples on the declivity of the Capitol, evidently distinct, that might be all enclosed within the area of a modern church of inferior dimensions. Through the triumphal arches more than one cart could not pass at a time.

" The difficulty of squeezing the twenty elephants and the four stags abreast of Aurelian's car, into the space between the arch of Severus and the supposed Temple of Concord, was not likely to be surmounted by any discoveries of the soil." So far from being surmounted, that the real Temple of Concord, or at least some temple or other, has been found to have stood so near the arch of Severus, that two elephants abreast could not have passed. Most of the descriptions of the Latin

writers, in fact, were on a scale of huge exaggeration ; which, however, falling on the ears of the all-rich and all-powerful emperors, certainly produced immense fabrics, of which the Colosseum remains a stupendous example. But as to others, the brick-baths of Dioclesian and Caracalla, what are they more than a modern street in ruins, save that they were built one by the lord of many slaves, and this by the united purses of many freemen. To read in the poets of the declining empire, descriptions of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, and its inferior fanes, what an immense idea must we form ! But there is the whole site, propped as it is by substructions, not more than sufficient for a modern church. There are some unaccountable contradictions in the taste of the old Romans—it was at once petty and colossal ; the former was the natural, the latter superinduced by the overgrown power of the emperors, and their consequent craving for excitement, which found vent in cutting off heads, and placing one stone upon another.

“Another enemy to the beautiful, and even to the sublime, was that colossal taste which arose in the empire, and gave an unnatural expansion to all the works of art. In architecture it produced Nero’s golden house and Adrian’s villa ; in hydraulics, it projected the Claudian emissary, and Caligula’s Baian bridge ; in sculpture, it has left at the Capitol such heads and feet as betray the emperor’s contempt for the dimensions of man ; in poetry, swelled out into the hyperboles of Lucan and Statius. This exaggerated spirit spread even to the games. Nero drove ten horses yoked a-breast to his car, and double that number appears on an ancient stone.”—FORSYTH.

This colossal taste was confined to the publicly visible, and to out-of-doors. The internal arrangement even of palaces was on a narrow scale ; and, except the public rooms of the baths, there is scarce an apartment of respectable size. At Tivoli, in Hadrian’s villa, of so many miles in extent, it is but the enclosed courts and gardens that filled up the space ; the library, the rooms of the philosophers, &c. &c. so

gorgeously described, are still to be seen in ruins, and were originally of narrow dimensions. At Pompeii, the bed-room of the Proconsul Pansa is ten feet by twelve. Their taste in decorations was the same ; the figures of stucco and painting are all diminutive. In the narrow and lofty rooms excavated under the baths of Titus, belonging to that emperor, to Mæcenas, or whom you will, but certainly to a possessor of rank, the roof is thirty-three Roman feet in height, yet the painted ornaments are too small even for a closet or a cabinet. The figures never exceed half a foot in length, and the painted frame-work around contains all the colours of the rainbow in the space of an inch. This could not have been the case with the Grecians, if what we read about Zeuxis and others, has the least shadow of truth. In respect of the arts, the Romans were most likely to the Grecians what the Flemings, and indeed we ourselves, at present are to the Italians, and endeavoured to excel in minuteness those whom they could not rival on a grand scale.

But to the Forum—whither if we would proceed from the modern city, we first mount the Capitoline Hill or Campidaglio, by an inclined plane or stepless stair of Michael Angelo’s formation. This is adorned at bottom by basalt lions, of Egyptian manufacture, which, in obedience to the villainous taste that converts the king of animals into a water-spout, squirt each its little stream. The top of the stair is adorned with ancient statues of Castor and Pollux, with their steeds ; and in the same line with them are arranged the supposed trophies of Marius after his Cimbrian victories, old statues of Constantine, and the first milestone of the Appian way in the time of Vespasian. The summit of the ascent introduces you into the modern square of the Campidaglio, three sides of which are surrounded by public buildings, after the designs of Michael Angelo, elegant enough in themselves, but very unworthy of their position. In the midst stands the famous bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, the only equestrian statue left of ancient Rome. The classic reader is aware that the

Capitoline Hill is a long ridge, or rather two hills joined together. The modern square or piazza of the Campidoglio occupies the neck of inferior height that joins them; it was of old called the *Intermontium*. The position of the ridge is from north-east to south-west; the summit north of the *Intermontium*, was the site of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, now that of the Franciscan convent and church of *Ara Caeli*—the other and more extensive end of the ridge, was the arx, or citadel, containing, amongst other well-known spots, the Tarpeian rock, from whence malefactors were flung into the Campus Martius, and to which from the side of the Forum they mounted of old by an hundred steps.

This summit is now, for the most part, covered by the Caffarelli palace, and by filthy cabins. If curious, the visitor is led up through a filthy cabin to have a view of what they call the Tarpeian rock; if this was perpendicular, and not intercepted by gardens and houses, the fall would be quite sufficient for its old break-neck purpose, notwithstanding all the exclamations of travellers upon its nothingness. But this spot, however it may be on a rock, is certainly not near the identical place of the malefactor's leap, as if he fell from this, he would fall into the *Velabrum*, whereas we know that it was into the *Campus* they were thrown—most likely where now is the *Ghetto*, or Jew's quarter.

ACCOUNT OF M. BICHAT'S THEORY OF LIFE.

(Mon. Mag.)

EVERY thing around living bodies, according to M. Bichat, tends constantly to their destruction. And to this influence they would necessarily yield, were they not gifted with some permanent principle of reaction. This principle is their *life*, and a living system is therefore necessarily always engaged in the performance of functions, whose object is to resist death.

Life, according to Bichat, is the state of being produced by the possession and exercise of what he calls the vital properties; yet he does not always adhere with logical strictness to this definition, but rather uses the term sometimes to designate collectively the vital properties themselves, and this, perhaps, is its best and most convenient sense. His essential doctrine, however, is, that there is no one single individual presiding principle of vitality, which animates the body; but that it is a collection of matter gifted for a time with certain powers of action, combined into organs which are thus enabled to act; and that the result is a series of functions, the connected performance of which constitutes it a living thing.

This is his view of life, considered in the most general and simple way.

But in carrying the examination further, he points out two remarkable modifications of life, as viewed in different relations, one common both to vegetables and animals, the other peculiar to animals. The vegetable exists entirely within itself, and for itself, depending upon other substances only for the materials of nutrition; the animal, on the contrary, in addition to this internal life, has another, by which he connects himself with objects about him, maintains relations with them, and is bound to them by the ties of mutual dependence. This affords a principle, upon which to form a distinct classification of our functions. Those which we have in common with the vegetable, which are necessary merely to our individual bodily existence, are called the functions of *organic life*, because they are common to all organized matter. Those, on the other hand, which are peculiar to animals, which in them are superadded to the possession of the organic functions, are called the functions of *animal life*.

Physiologically speaking, then, we have two lives, the concurrence of which enables us to live, and move, and have our being; both equally necessary to the relations we maintain

as human beings, but not equally necessary to the simple existence of a living thing. By our *organic life*, food proper for our nutrition is first submitted to the operation of digestion, is then thrown into the circulation, undergoes in the lungs the changes which respiration is intended to effect, is then distributed to the organs to be applied to their nutrition; from these, after a certain period, is taken away by absorption, thrown again into the circulation, and discharged at length from the system by means of the several exhalations and secretions. This is the life by which all the parts of the body are kept in a state of repair; it is the life of waste and supply; necessarily subservient to the performance of those functions, which are the distinguished characteristics of our nature, but not at all engaged in their performance itself. By our *animal life*, on the contrary, we become related to the world about us; the senses convey to us a knowledge of the existence of other things beside ourselves; a knowledge also of their qualities and their capacities for producing pleasure or pain; we feel, we reflect, we judge, we will, and react upon external things, by means of the organs of locomotion and voice: according to the result of these mental operations, we become capable of communicating and receiving pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. In fact, by the organic life we merely exist negatively; by the animal, that existence becomes a blessing or a curse, a source of enjoyment or of suffering.

It is not at all pretended that the idea of this division was entirely original with Bichat. Most physiologists have had some faint conception of it, and others have more distinctly recognized it under a somewhat different modification, and with a different title. But he has made it peculiarly his own by the ingenious and novel manner in which he has stated, explained, and illustrated it; the detailed application, which he has made of it, to the various phenomena of the living system; and the beautiful and almost poetical air which he has, by means of it, thrown around many of these phenomena.

In the first place, as he teaches us, the two lives differ, in some important respects, as to the organs by which their functions are performed. Those of the animal life present a symmetry of external form, strongly contrasted with the irregularity, which is a prominent characteristic of those of organic life. In the *animal life*, every function is either performed by a pair of organs, perfectly similar in structure and size, situated one upon each side of the median dividing line of the body, or else by a single organ divided into two similar and perfectly symmetrical halves by that line. Thus the organs of sight and hearing, and of locomotion are double and similar; the nerves of the brain go off in corresponding pairs; the organs of smell and taste, and the brain, are situated with a perfect regard to this law. The organs of the *organic life*, on the contrary, present a picture totally different; they are irregularly formed, and irregularly arranged; the stomach is disposed without any regard to the median line, and one half of it bears no resemblance to the other; the same is true of the liver, the spleen, and all the organic viscera. The heart, it is true, is a double organ; but its parts are of unequal size and strength; the rest of the circulating system presents a thousand irregularities; and the lungs are dissimilar in the two sides of the thorax, in the division of their lobes, and the quantity of matter they contain.

This symmetry of the form is accompanied by a corresponding harmony in the functions of the organs of the animal life. The exactness and perfection of vision depend upon the similarity of the impressions transmitted by the two eyes to the brain; if these impressions are dissimilar, vision will be imperfect in proportion; hence we shut one eye when the power of the other is increased by the interposition of a lens, and hence we squint when one eye is made weaker than the other. The same is true of all the senses, of the muscles of locomotion and voice, and of the brain itself; if there is between the corresponding organs, on the two sides, or the corresponding halves of the organs, any inequality or

dissimilarity, that is, if there be any defect of symmetry, the consequence is an imperfection in their function. Upon this principle Bichat explains the difference between different individuals in their natural capacity for distinguishing accurately the harmony of sounds. A good ear for music, as we express ourselves in common language, is only the result of the possession of two symmetrical organs of hearing, which transmit to the brain similar impressions; a bad ear, on the contrary, is produced by any inequality in the organs, which transmit two unequal impressions. Thus, when one, either of our ears or eyes is deprived of its usual degree of sensibility, we can hear and see much better by making use of that alone which is uninjured, than by having recourse to both. The same remark is extended to the functions of smelling, tasting, and touching, and to the functions of the brain and muscles. But nothing like this is true of the organic life, to the regularity of whose operations, harmony and correspondence of action is not a necessary condition.

The functions of the organic life are constantly going on; they admit of no interruption, no repose; whatever cause suspends, but for a moment, the respiration or the circulation, destroys life. They form a necessary and connected series, which must be always moving on in continued progression, from the beginning to the end of existence. But in those of the animal life the case is widely different. They have intervals of entire repose. The organs of this life are incapable of constant activity, they become fatigued by exercise, and require rest. This rest, with regard to any particular organ, is the sleep of that organ; and in proportion to the extent of the previous exercise, and the number of organs fatigued, the state of repose will be partial or general. Upon this principle Bichat founds his theory of sleep. General sleep is the combination of the sleep of particular organs. Sleep then is not any definite state, but is a more or less complete rest of the whole system in proportion to the number of

organs which require repose. The most perfect sleep is that where all the functions of animal life, the sensations, the perception, the imagination, the memory, the judgment, locomotion, and voice, are suspended; and the various forms of imperfect sleep exhibited in dreaming, somnambulism, &c. are all produced by the wakefulness of some particular organs.

The two lives differ also in regard to habit; the animal being much under its control, the organic but slightly. In the animal life habit renders our feelings and sensations less intense, whilst it elevates and perfects the power of judging. The eye is no longer sensible of the presence of objects to which it has become familiarized, the ear takes no notice of sounds that are constantly repeated, the other senses become hardened against the operations of agents which have often excited them; but at the same time the capacity for forming an accurate judgment with regard to their qualities has been growing more perfect. Thus, a piece of music gives at first a feeling of pleasure simply, and nothing more; if it be often repeated, this pleasure vanishes, but we become capable of estimating the merits of its arrangement and harmony. In the organic life it is not so; respiration, circulation, secretion, &c. are totally without the dominion of habit; and, although some of the functions of this life, most intimately connected with those of the animal, are in some measure under its influence, yet in a general way a freedom from this influence is a distinguishing characteristic of the organic life.

Every thing relating to the understanding is the attribute of animal life; whilst the passions, on the contrary, belong to the organic life, have their seat in its organs, influence them when they are excited into action themselves, and are on the contrary influenced by the state of the organs. The relation which the passions have, so remarkably, with the animal life, is intermediate, and not direct; all the primary phenomena produced by their excitement are exhibited in the internal organs; the heart is violently excited in

anger, more moderately in joy; fear, sadness, grief, produce an opposite effect. The lungs are equally affected, the respiration is quickened or impeded, a sense of oppression or suffocation is brought on, according to the nature and degree of the passion excited. In various emotions we experience peculiar sensations in the epigastrium, a sharp pain, a sense of fulness or of sinking; in other cases, more decided effects are produced, a spasmodic vomiting, a copious secretion from the liver or the mucous membrane of the intestines, producing a diarrhœa. All the natural gestures by which we attempt to express the intellectual and moral affections, are so many proofs of the correctness of these views. If we wish to indicate any of the phænomena of the intellect, relating, for instance, to memory, to perception, or to judgment, we carry the hand spontaneously to the head; but, if we would express love, joy, sadness, hatred, &c. we involuntarily place it upon the breast, or the stomach. We say a strong head, a well-organized head, to express the perfection of understanding; a good heart, or a feeling heart, to express moral perfection. Many of the phænomena of disease indicate the same relations between the organic viscera and our moral affections. In the diseases of some organs, the mind is cheerful and happy, taking always a favourable view of things, and this even when the disease lies at the very root of existence; and, on the contrary, when some other organs are affected, it is invariably gloomy and apprehensive, anticipating the most fearful results, and even in trivial complaints expecting the most fatal consequences.

The two lives differ also in the mode and epoch of their origin. The organic is in activity from the very first period of conception; the animal enters into exercise only at birth, when external objects offer to the new individual means of connexion and relation. In the foetal state, the economy is solely occupied in the formation and nutrition of the organs; this is the preparative stage of existence. The organs, which are to perform the functions of the animal life, are created and

perfected, but they are not exercised; they are not accessible to the operation of the agents whose excitement is necessary to bring them into action, and of course they remain in a state of profound repose, until the stimulus, first of the air, and afterwards of food, light, and sounds, is applied to the appropriate organs. At birth, then, a great change takes place in the physiological state of man. His animal life is first brought into existence, and his organic life becomes more fully developed and more complicated, in order to accommodate itself to the increased demands which this change necessarily brings upon it. But, from this moment, there is no further alteration or improvement in the functions of the organic life. They are as perfect in the infant as in the adult; they are not susceptible of education. But in those of the animal life every thing depends upon the education they receive; at first feeble, imperfect, indistinct, they gradually become developed, and the direction given to this development, and the character which they ultimately possess, depend in a great measure upon the influence exercised upon them by extrinsic circumstances.

Differing thus in their origin and in their mode of development, the two lives differ also in the mode of their termination in death, when this takes place naturally, that is, at the extremity of old age. The animal life is becoming gradually extinguished, before the organic has begun to fail. One after another its functions cease to be performed. The eye becomes obscured, it ceases to feel or to transmit the impression of light. The ear becomes insensible to the impulse of sound. The skin, shrivelled, hardened, deprived in part of its vessels, is incapable of but an obscure and indistinct sensation; the parts dependent upon it, the hair and beard, lose their vitality, grow white, and fall off. The intellectual functions follow in the train of the sensations, the perception is blunted, the memory fails, the judgment becomes infantile; and at the same time the muscles under the influence of the brain, viz. those of locomotion and

voice, partake of the same decrepitude. The old man moves with pain and difficulty, and speaks with a thick and trembling voice. 'Seated near the fire which warms him, he passes his days concentrated within himself; estranged from every thing around him, deprived of desires, of passions, of sensations, speaking little, because induced by no motive to break silence, happy in the feeling that he still exists, when almost every other one has already quit-
ted him.' In a certain sense then the animal life dies first, and leaves the organic still going on in the performance of its functions; this separation is more or less complete, and continues for a greater or less length of time, in different cases. The old man may continue to breathe and digest, for some time after he has to all intents and purposes ceased to think and to feel; he continues to exist as a vegetable when he no longer lives as an animal. Death, however, at length seizes upon the organic life. Gradually, and step by step, the vital forces desert the different organs; digestion, secretion, &c. languish, the circulation and respiration are successively impeded, and finally stop.

In considering the vital properties, as in all his inquiries concerning life, Bichat had constant regard to his grand division into the two lives; and he recognizes in the functions of each life, the exhibition of properties peculiar

to itself, or at least properties modified by the nature and relations of that life to whose functions they are subservient. In the organic life, the organs have in the first place a sort of sensibility or perception, by which they become acquainted with the presence and qualities of the substances applied to them; this is the organic sensibility: they have then a property by which they re-act upon these substances, and excite in them motion; this is the organic contractility. It has two modifications. 1. Where the contraction is insensible, as in the exhalants, capillaries, secreting vessels. 2. Where it is sensible, as in the heart, the stomach, the intestines; and these are called respectively, the insensible, and the sensible, organic contractility. In the organs of the animal life, there is also a sensibility, by which they are not only made capable of receiving the impression of an object and its qualities, but of transmitting that impression to the common censorium; and a contractility, which not only renders a part capable of contracting, but is in the exercise of its power under the entire control and direction of the brain. These properties are called the animal sensibility and the animal contractility.

With Bichat the properties of life were all in all. The phænomena of the system, whether in health or disease, were all ascribed to their influence and operation.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Lit. Gaz.)

MR. MURRAY has, this season, published an unusual number of these fine illustrations of books, thus combining the beauties of Art with the attractions of Literature in a way which has not of late years been very prevalent. Among the causes of the disunion, we may mention the great expense of such embellishments, and still more the delays which the procrastination of Artists too frequently occasioned. The latter evil induced booksellers to do without their assistance altogether, or to employ labours of an inferior style: thus crudities or lithography came to be substituted for finish and copperplate; and the refinements of the burin yielded to the facilities of scraping wood, or stone.

The Engravings before us are of a high character, and renew our acquaintance with the truly admirable in Art. A fine

frontispiece portrait of the best writer in polite literature which America has produced, does credit to the pencil of G. S. Newton, and the needle of E. Scriven. It is followed by ten designs of Leslie, and engraved by C. Heath, C. Rolls, J. Romney, W. and E. Finden, and A. W. Warren, from various parts of the Sketch Book and Knickerbocker's History, all of which are honourable to the state of our National School. Rip Van Winkle is an exceedingly clever and characteristic subject—his dog exquisite—and the engraving by Rolls doing justice to the conception of the painter. The legend of the Sleepy Hollow is equally humorous, and still better engraved by the same hand. Wouter Van Twiller deciding the lawsuit (the only piece drawn by W. Allston) is inclined to the caricature, and there are some slight flaws in our co-

py of the plate. The Dutch Fire Side is a delightful engraving, by W. Finden, in which a mastery of light and shadow is displayed—a very Rembrandt on copper; and the Dutch Courtship, C. Rolls, is a worthy companion to it, both in design and execution. Antony Von Corlear setting off for the wars (A. W. Warren) completes a trio of as entertaining prints as could adorn any entertaining story. W. Klieft's New

Punishment is clever, but not so much to our taste: the sentimental subjects have nothing remarkable; and the conclusion "Peter Stuyvesant rebuking the Cobler," is most commendable for character. Upon the whole, nothing more worthy of the author could have been produced; and Mr. Leslie has fortunately linked his name for posterity to that of Washington Irving.

(Lit. Gaz. Oct. 25.)

THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

THE return of the Expedition under the command of Captain Parry from the voyage to discover a North-west passage is an event of so much public interest, that our readers will, we trust, not only excuse our devoting a considerable portion of our succeeding Journal to an account of its proceedings, but will feel that we have done our duty towards them, in using strenuous exertions to gather from every authentic quarter the leading particulars of this narrative.

On the 10th instant, the *Fury* and *Hecla* arrived at Lerwick, in Shetland. Leaving Lerwick, the vessels made the northern coast of England, on the 16th, and on Wednesday (22d October) moored off the dock-yard at Deptford, amid the cheers of hundreds who lined the shores as they passed along.

On their way up the river, they were boarded by several persons of note, and by many kind and anxious friends, whose meeting with their respective relations and persons dear to them, formed a scene altogether of the most interesting description. Here was "Sweethearts and Wives" far better acted than even at the Hay-market, and the recognitions, the enquiries, the groupings, and the various expressions of voice, countenance, and gesture, were at once highly entertaining and affecting, and we can truly say that we never witnessed a sight which afforded us greater pleasure. The sides were ascended and decks almost crowded by the curious who were fortunate enough to have the privilege of visiting the ships, and by those connected with the crews. In one part might be seen an honest Tar embracing his partner with a heartiness which did credit to a tedious ab-

sence, and was certainly without example in the whole history of Esquimaux fellowship—the only human intercourse enjoyed (if it may be so called) during two years and a half. In another direction the cooking apparatus was speedily put in requisition, and fresh provisions and vegetables had justice done to them, as luxuries of no common cast. Here were strangers examining the canoes, large animal specimens, and other rarities brought from the Arctic regions; and in the long-boats, slung upon the deck of each vessel, were six or eight of those wolf-looking dogs which are so important to the natives, howling and fighting like wild beasts of the most savage nature. We mention these circumstances, not of any consequence to the voyage, but as forming a spectacle of so singular and interesting a character, that we only wish our graphic powers were more adequate to its description. On arriving at Deptford, most of the officers hastened ashore, and from an intimacy with some of them we have collected the following Digest, for whose irregularities and want of proper order, the haste in which it is thrown together must be our apology.

The outward voyage in 1821 was fair and prosperous. Passing up Hudson's Straits the navigators kept near the land on their South, and explored the coast towards Repulse Bay. The farthest West which they attained was 80 deg. of longitude, and the highest latitude only 60 deg. 48 min. N.; and they finally brought up for winter quarters at a small isle which they named Winter Island, in 82 deg. 53 min. W. longitude, and latitude 66 deg. 11 min. N. By inspecting the common maps, it will be seen that they are

very faulty in laying down both land and water in this direction; though the later and best charts are somewhat more correct. The globe and chart-makers, however, will have very little trouble in laying down the discoveries made in the present voyage. The chief part of the summer of 1821 was occupied in examining Repulse Bay, and some inlets to the eastward of it, through some one or other of which they hoped to find a passage into the Polar Sea. In this they were disappointed, for all the openings proved to be only deep inlets, which ran into the continent of America. While thus occupied, early in October the sea began to freeze; and on the 8th of that month the ships were laid up for the winter, in the situation noted above. Here, at Winter Island, the Expedition was frozen up from the 8th of October 1821 to the 2d of July 1822. The vessels were within two or three hundred paces of each other; and occupations and amusements, similar to those practised in the preceding voyage were resorted to. We are informed, however, that the Plays did not go off so well; nor were the ships' companies altogether so harmoniously social as on the former occasion. The necessity for maintaining discipline, and other causes, to which we need not allude, stood in the way of this perfect accord and satisfaction.

One of the principal events which we have to notice in this period, was the beneficial effects produced by the system of heating the ships with currents of warm air. These were directed to every requisite part by means of metallic tubes, and so well did the contrivance answer its purpose, that the lowest temperature experienced during the winter was 36° below zero. In the second winter it was ten degrees lower, viz. 45° below zero; but this was not near so difficult to endure, nor so inconvenient as the cold in Captain Parry's first voyage, nor indeed, if we are rightly instructed, as that felt in the northern station of the Hudson Bay traders on the American Continent.

The provision cases, we understand, did not turn out so well; for, though the meats were preserved fresh, they

were found to be very insipid on constant use, and the men got as tired of them as they generally do of salt provisions. From the quantum of boiling needed in these preparations the nutritive juices are extracted, and the taste so reduced that it is not easy to tell veal from beef. They, however, (like French cookery done to rags) made a change, and were so far acceptable.

Fish were caught, and formed another more welcome variety. These were chiefly a small salmon of about 7 or 8 lbs. weight, of which about 300 were taken; the Coal fish, and the Alpine Trout, which latter was found in a fresh-water stream on an island to the westward of Winter Island. This river, according to the native accounts, flowed from a lake whence also another river ran into the sea on the other side; that is to say, one stream in a southeasterly direction towards Hudson's Bay, and the other in a south-westerly course towards (perhaps) the Polar Sea. The small fish known by the name of the Miller's Thumb, was also in great abundance, and the sea swarmed with Molusca.

Nothing occurred, during the first part of the winter, deserving of any particular notice; but one morning, in the beginning of February, our people were surprised by the appearance of strange forms upon the snow-plain in their vicinity, and of persons running to and fro. This was a tribe of about fifty Esquimaux, who were erecting their snow-huts, and taking up their residence at a short distance from the vessels. At first it was hoped that this might be Captain Franklin's Expedition, but the hope quickly vanished; and the settlers were found to be one of those wandering hordes which roam along the shore in search of food, and make their habitations wherever it can be obtained in sufficient quantity. The great dependence of these people upon the produce of the sea for their sustenance, necessarily confines their migrations to the coasts, and, except hastily travelling across land in any journey occasionally, it may be presumed from their habits that they never establish themselves ten miles from the water's edge. Thus we infer, that all the inte-

rior parts are totally uninhabited. The intercourse of the Voyagers with their new and singular neighbours, afforded them much and much wanted amusement during the remainder of the winter; as, never having seen Europeans before, their manners and customs were quite original. The snow began to melt about the beginning of May, and put an end to their intimacy.

In the season of 1822, the vessels having steered along the coast to the North, penetrated only to the longitude of $82^{\circ} 50'$, and lat. $69^{\circ} 40'$; and after exploring several inlets, &c. in their brief cruise, they were finally moored for their second winter, about a mile apart, in $81^{\circ} 44'$; and after exploring $69^{\circ} 21'$ N. Here, close to another small isle, they remained from the 24th of Sept. 1822 to the 8th of Aug. 1823. They had latterly entered a strait leading to the westward. From the accounts of the Esquimaux and their own observations, they had every reason to believe that this strait separated all the land to the northward from the continent of America. After getting about 15 miles within the entrance of it, however, they were stopped by the ice, but from the persuasion that they were in the right channel for getting to the westward, they remained there for nearly a month, in daily expectation that the ice would break up. In this last hope they were again quite disappointed, and on the 19th of Sept. the sea having begun to freeze, they left these straits, and laid the ships up in winter quarters near the small island alluded to, and called by the Esquimaux Igloolik.

From these data it is evident that the Expedition has failed in its leading objects. In short, any casual whaler might do as much as it has been able, with all its perseverance, to accomplish; and we apprehend that few or no new lights can be thrown by it upon the great questions of science which were raised by the former voyages. The magnetic pole was not crossed: and it is curious to state, that all the electrical appearances, lights, halos, meteors, &c. were seen to the south. In natural history the acquisitions are very scanty. We have on our table

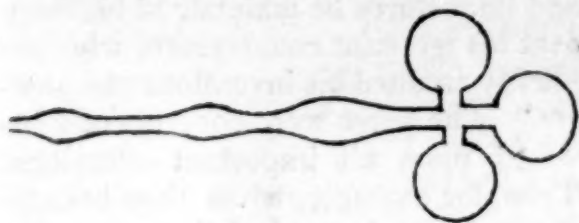
28 botanical specimens, dwarf willow, saxifrage, grasses, mosses, &c. which nearly comprehend the stunted vegetable world of these northern latitudes. One new gull has, we believe, been added to that class; but generally speaking, hardly any novelty has been ascertained, or remarkable discovery made, in ornithology, piscology, botany, or other branch of science.

In the second winter a more numerous tribe of the Esquimaux, about 150, and including the visitors of the preceding year, settled near the ships, and were in daily intercourse with them. We shall here throw together what we have learned respecting this people.

They are represented as being peaceable and good-natured: not stupid, but not eminent for feeling or intelligence. The first tribe lived together on terms of perfect liberty and equality; in the second there was an Angekok or conjuror, who exercised a certain degree of influence and authority. There are no signs of the worship of a Supreme Being among them, and they do not appear to have a perfect idea of ONE; nor have they apparently any religious rites at marriages or burials. An Esquimaux bespeaks his wife while she is yet a child, and when she is of marriageable age she is brought home to him, and there is a feast on the occasion. Their funerals are equally simple: if in winter, the corpse is merely covered over with snow; if in summer, a shallow trench is dug, where it is deposited, and two or three flat stones at top complete the rude sepulchre. They are careful not to allow any stones or weighty matter to rest on the body; and seem to think that even after death it may be sensible to the oppression. They appeared to have some crude notions of a future state; but all their ideas on these matters were so blended with superstition, that they hardly deserve to be mentioned. Two wives were possessed by several of the natives, and one is almost always much younger than the other: yet the co-partners seemed to live on very good terms with one another. The children rarely appear to be more than two, three or four in a family: they live to a good old age. Many were above 60

years old, and in one case the great-grand-mother of a child of 7 or 8 years was a healthy old woman at the head of four generations. The stature of the males is about the average of five feet, 4, 5, or 6 inches; and none exceed 5 ft. 10 in. Their colour is a dirty-looking yellowish white, and their proportions by no means robust.

We have mentioned the appearance of the snow-houses when first seen; they are curiously shaped and constructed, and entered by one long passage by all the three families to whom these yield an abode. [See type below] A trefoil affords a tolerable idea



of them. They are about nine feet in diameter, and 7 or 8 feet in height. The passage is about 20 feet in length, and so low that you must creep along nearly on all-fours, in order to reach the hut. This is ingeniously intended to exclude the cold air, which it does effectually, though widened in parts for lodging the dogs belonging to the several households, and which are stationed in the last sort of anti-chamber before the entrances turn off to the right and left for the two nearest huts. The window is a piece of flat transparent ice. Round the interior runs a seat of the same material as the walls, upon which the skins of animals are thrown for seats and beds. Beds are also made of a plant, on the floor (see farther on). The houses are without any artificial warmth, except what is produced by a sort of oil lamp, in which they used pieces of dry moss for wicks, also hereafter described.

In the winter of 1822-3, native dwellings or huts constructed of bone were also seen.—The Esquimaux often eat flesh in a raw state; but it is sometimes cooked, and the women almost invariably submit their food to that process. The utensils are uncommon, though simple. They consist of two vessels of stone; generally the pot-

stone or lapis-ollaris, also used in parts of Germany for the same purpose. The lower vessel a good deal resembles an English kitchen ash shovel: the upper one a trough, of a wide coffin form. In the first, which is filled with oil, a number of moss wicks float, and are lighted for the fuel. The oil is gradually supplied from strings of fat hung up above the flames, the heat of which melts them into so many reservoirs of grease. In the second utensil, placed over the fire thus made, the meat is stewed. The natives are filthy in their eating, and hardly reject any thing, from the blubber of whale to the flesh of wolf. When hungry, they devoured the carcasses of ten or a dozen of the latter which were killed by our seamen. Their food, indeed, consisted chiefly of seal and wolves' flesh; but notwithstanding this, they appeared to be perfectly contented, nay, even happy. Their dresses were made entirely of skins, chiefly those of the reindeer. The lapis-ollaris is originally so soft that it may be cut into form with a knife; and when it is not to be found, an extraordinary substitute is manufactured into pots and pans. This is a cement composed of dogs' hair, seals' blood, and a particular clay, which soon becomes hard as stone, and bears the effects both of oil and fire below and moisture and stewing above.

In the beginning of their intercourse the Esquimaux were somewhat reserved, and shy of communicating their opinions; but as their reserve wore off, they divulged a number of interesting particulars. The women, especially, were less secret than the men, who (we may here state by the by) had no hesitation in bartering their wives and daughters with the sailors, at first for so poor a bribe as a nail, or two or three beads, and at last for the price of a paltry knife.

These females are not, it is true, the most lovely objects in nature. We have been shown a map drawn by one of them, (a remarkable instance of intelligence,) in which she represents two islands to the north of the second winter's position of the ships, and others in different directions, giving rather sonorous names to them all. The

nearest on the north is several days' journey across, and the roaming of the Esquimaux tribes is confined to these islands, as they never venture upon the continent. Every family has a sledge, and generally five or six dogs, with whom they travel with great ease, and hunt.

They say that their race originally sprung from a beneficent female Spirit; and that from another wicked female Spirit descended the other three creatures who inhabit the earth, namely, the *Itkali*, or Indians, the *Cablunæ*, or Europeans; and (after long hesitation before they would express it) the *Dogs* which they drive in their sledges! The *Itkali* they abhor and speak of as murderers, who never spare their trifles. Of the *Cablunæ* they had only heard by report, never having seen a European till they encountered those in the *Fury* and *Hecla*; but it is clear from their classing them with the Indians and Dogs, that they have no very exalted idea of their virtues.

With their own appellation of Esquimaux they are not acquainted, but call themselves *Enuce*. The other name is understood to be a name of reproach, meaning, "Eaters of raw flesh."

From the above it appears that they entertain a belief in certain spirits or superior beings; but their notions concerning them are extremely rude and vague. This was displayed by the *Angekok* or Conjuror, of whom we have spoken. This great man was, after much entreaty, prevailed upon to exhibit his supernatural powers in the Captain's cabin of one of the ships. He was accompanied by his wife, and began his operations by having every glimpse of external light carefully excluded. Still the fire emitted a glimmering, and this was covered with a thick mat; so that at length all was utter darkness. The *Angekok* then stripped himself naked, and lay down upon the floor, and pretended that he was going to the lower regions where the spirits dwell. His incantations consisted of hardly articulate sounds, not appearing to have any meaning attached to them, but to be the muttering and whining of strange syllables. He

also practised a kind of ventriloquism; and modulated his voice so as to give it the effect of nearness and greater distance, in the depths to which he wished it to be believed he had descended. This farce lasted about twenty minutes; and on the re-admission of light, the actor gave an account of his adventures, and of what the spirits had told him. As a proof of the truth of his facts, and the reality of his colloquies, he produced stripes of fur which one of the spirits had fastened on the back of his skin-coat since he went down—which, indeed, his wife had been busily stitching on during the dark performance. Yet by such fables and impostures he maintained his sway over his ignorant countrymen, who implicitly credited his inventions and powers. The latter were consequently invoked upon all important occasions. Thus, for example, when they became scarce, or rather when the evil genius took away from the waters and the earth to her caverns beneath, the animals which constitute the principal food of the *Enuce*, our *Angekok* was employed to bring them back again. This he accomplished, agreeably to his own story by the following means. He called to his assistance *Torngak*, his Familiar and friendly spirit, in company with whom he journeyed to the realms below, to combat with the Evil Genius. With this aid and by his own address, he vanquished the enemy, and forced her to submit to his decrees. He then cut off the lower joints of her four fingers, and immediately the bears were released, and found their way to the upper regions. His next operation was to cut off the second joint, by which the seals were liberated. The excision of the upper joints performed a like service for the walruses; and finally, by amputating the hand, the whales were freed to revisit the shores of the Esquimaux. To substantiate the truth of this great exploit, the bloody knife with which the deed had been done, is produced, and the reappearance of the bears, seals, walruses, and whales, infallibly follows.

An immense value is set upon the testimonies of supernatural intimacy:

thus the Angekok declared that he would not exchange the spirit's gifts, one of the stripes of fur, for any thing that could be offered to him; and it was with much difficulty that Capt. Parry did prevail upon him to barter one for some highly coveted article; nor would he part with any more.

From the length of time during which the natives were daily with them, our people were enabled to pick up a rather copious vocabulary of their language. Some of the journals contain from 500 to a larger number of words. Their knowledge of figures is very limited—five and ten being their most obvious enumerations. When they wish to express the former, one hand is held up; the latter, of course, requires both: but when the sum exceeds that number, the Esquimaux calls on a neighbour to help him out, by holding up one or two hands as the occasion requires. One of our friends related a whimsical anecdote with this sort of dumb show. He was conversing with a native alone, who wanted to make the large and unusual sign of thirty. He accordingly held up both hands, and was then sadly puzzled how to go farther. It never occurred to him to break off and repeat the signal in any way; but at length he happily struck upon ten more by getting the officer to raise his digitals. Here were twenty; but the ten to be added was the grand *pons asinorum* of Esquimaux numerals! The difficulty seemed insuperable, but again his genius befriended the calculator; he held up one of his feet,—twenty-five! What was to be done? like one of the wise men of Gotham, our clever native tried to hold up the other foot at the same time, and his efforts to have all his limbs simultaneously in the air were the most ludicrous that can be imagined. But it could not be managed; and it was not without an immensity of trouble that the proposed number was finally expressed by the four hands and one foot each of the conversing parties.

Other characteristic traits of these simple people may be told in this place. The wives of two of them, one

with a baby suckling (which nutriment they supply for several years,) were taken on board the vessels for medical treatment, both being in the last stages of disease. It was indeed too late to save them, and they died. The husband of the mother evinced some distress, and howled a little when she expired; but very soon seemed to forget his loss. Yet he attended very sedulously to the proceedings of the *Cablunæ*. They enveloped the body decently, as is done with sailors, in a hammock, and dug a grave for its reception. To this it was borne, accompanied by the husband, who evinced much uneasiness. At last he made himself understood that he was afflicted by the confinement of the corpse. Having obtained a knife, he was permitted to gratify his own feelings, and he cut all the stitches which held the hammock together down the front, so as to give a kind of liberty to the dead form. The covering in of the grave with earth and stones seemed also to give him pain; but he asked leave to bury the living child with its dead mother. The reason assigned for this horrid proposal was, that being a female no woman would take the trouble to nurse it, as that was never done among them. If it had been a boy, perhaps some one might have adopted and reared it. In fact, the infant, without sustenance, did die on the ensuing day, and was placed at the disposal of its parent, who drew it away in his sledge to a short distance, and raised a small mound of snow over its lifeless corpse.

It is curious to remark, that while they dislike the idea of hurting the dead by putting any thing heavy upon them, they feel no regret at the consequence of their own insufficient mode of sepulture—the dragging of the bodies from their slight snow-tombs to be torn to pieces and devoured by dogs and wolves, as was frequently witnessed by our men, who, when the spring dissolved the snow, had to dig graves for the mutilated remains of several of the native corpses thus exposed to view. There was a considerable mortality among them; no fewer than six-

teen, old and young, dying within the few months they spent near the Expedition in its second winter.

In the management of the canoe, the Esquimaux are very expert. They are amazingly light, and formed of skin over whalebone. The largest which Capt. P. obtained is 26 feet in length; and we observed another between decks in the *Hecla*, which is 10 feet long and only 10 inches in width, half of which are in the depth.

In these the Native pursues his marine chase, and spears the fish and fowl. The spear is double-pointed with bone, about 6 or 7 inches in length and barbed. The shaft is of very light wood, 5 or 6 feet long, and below the handle, or part by which it is thrown, are three other barbed bones, standing out a few inches from the wood, and calculated to strike the prey, should the bi-forked point miss. They kill at 20 yards distance. The bow and arrow is also employed in killing game and wild animals. The arrows are pointed with stone, smoothed into a lance-head shape by friction against other stones.

A method of catching seals (and, if we remember correctly, fish also,) through a hole in the ice, is one of the most dexterous of Esquimaux contrivances: a line is let down, at the end of which is fastened a small piece of white bone or tooth, above an inch long, cut into a rude fish-form, and having two morsels of pyrites stuck into it to resemble eyes. This bait is drawn through the water, and when seals or other prey approach to examine it, the watchful native spears them from above.

The knives used by the women are curiously constructed, and as cleverly employed in skinning animals and carving victuals as the instruments of hunting are by the men. They resembled a small cheese or saddler's knife; the iron or cutting part being semi-circular, and inserted in a bone handle. The whole is three or four inches long, and the edge three or four in breadth. With these they carve away underhanded in a very dexterous style.

Spectacles are another of their articles which struck us as curious and

well contrived. They consist of a piece of wood scraped thin like a bandage, and perforated with two narrow horizontal slits, something like pig's eyes, where we would have glasses; a rim about an inch broad projects in the same direction as that of a hat would; and this simple mechanical process, tied about the head, protects the eyes from the drifting snows and spiculæ, and improves the sharpness of the sight.

Having already stated the longitudes, latitudes, and periods of sailing and wintering, we shall not deem it necessary to go much into the details of the Expedition, which has in fact neither added much to geography, nor been able to explore farther than was done by Middleton and preceding navigators. The last year seems to have been so unproductive, that the ships might as well have returned home in the autumn of 1822; but it is not the character of British seamen to desist while the slightest prospect of success can be entertained. Our own opinion is, that there may be many openings into the Polar sea, and that probably the best, after all, is in Lancaster Sound, and where Capt. Ross showed the way, but did not pursue it. Certainly the course taken upon the present occasion does not appear to have answered the expectations formed, or to promise any advantageous results for future attempts, should such be persevered in.

The Inlet where the second winter was spent, presented a solid mass of everlasting ice. It is about ten miles in breadth; its length (of course, not having been traversed) uncertain. The ebb tide is from the South-west, and the flood from South-east; small channels run through it, but not wide enough to work a ship. While they lay here, and indeed during the voyage, the vessels do not seem to have encountered much danger from the ice; at any rate they have pitched and painted them in coming home, so as to make them look fresh and well in the Thames. About the bows we noticed some rather sharp grazing, and the bolt-heads sticking out a few inches from the wood. In one instance, we were informed, a field of

ice, coming down at the rate of about two miles an hour, almost lifted the *Hecla* out of the water, and snapped five of the strongest cables and ropes by which she was moored.

The absence of the sun was experienced for about a month. In July (the 9th) the first flower was seen : a small but richly coloured blue of the *Saxifrage* genus.

To beguile the tedious time, our countrymen occasionally lived in tents on shore, and hunted, shot, and fished for the general consumption. Rein-deer were sometimes killed ; the carcass of the largest weighed (without offal) 150 lbs. These were very acceptable to the ships' companies ; but their fresh provisions were not always so dainty as venison. The hearts, livers, and kidneys of whales and wal-russes (brought by the Esquimaux) were not irreconcilable to European palates ; and many a hearty meal was made on these, not very delicate, dishes. According to the report of the natives, there were rein-deer on the large island towards the north. No musk oxen were seen in any part ; and from the same authority it was gathered that they only appeared to the westward of the longitude to which the Expedition penetrated.

Of birds there were prodigious numbers ; but their flesh was of a fishy and unpleasant taste ; it was made nevertheless to serve at times, to vary the Arctic cuisine.

Mustard and cress were grown as on the preceding voyage, and served out to the men in considerable quantities, to the great benefit of their health. Indeed the looks of the crews bear testimony to their careful treatment in this respect ; for we never saw a set of more healthy well-conditioned fellows set out on, still less return from, a long sea-trip. Their loss amounted to five men in the two years and a half.

It does not appear that any far excursions were attempted from the ships on land, in any direction. The chief journey was performed by Lieut. Hoppner, and a party under his command, in consequence of news brought by the Esquimaux, that two ships had been wrecked last year (1822) five days

journey to the north-east, where the wrecks still remained. The truth of this report was confirmed by the staves, cask-heads, and iron in their possession. They represented that the crews had gone away in boats ; whither, no one could tell. To ascertain who the sufferers were, Lieut. Hoppner and his party set out, accompanied by the natives as guides ; but after travelling a few days, the latter declared they would proceed no farther. They pointed to the line in which they said the ships would be found, and told their associates they might go without them ; but the risk of following this counsel was too great, and the Europeans returned.

In these journeys, and their continual migrations, the value of the Esquimaux dog is witnessed. These strong and hardy animals draw the country sledges at the rate of five miles, and more, an hour. Nor is this performed with a light weight attached to them. Eight in harness will draw three or four persons with ease and speed in this manner. On one occasion, an anchor and stock, weighing about a ton, was dragged to its destination by fifteen or sixteen of them ; and, generally speaking, they are fully equal to a load of 100 weight per dog.

They are bold and vigorous in the chase. With them the Esquimaux hunts the great Polar bear ; and some of those brought to England carry the scars of their prowess in this way. They seize the adversary by his long shaggy hair, and worry and detain him till their masters come up with their spears to end the conflict.

Those in the ships, twelve or fourteen in number, are large creatures of various colours, tan, grey, but mostly black with white spots over the eyes and on the feet and tip of the tail. They are exceedingly fierce, and more like wolves than dogs. They do not bark, but snarl, growl, and howl in a savage manner. A good many died in consequence of the heat, on their way to England ; and though Wednesday last was a cold October day, the survivors were panting as if they had exhausted themselves with running. In the *Hecla* was one dog bred between

the Esquimaux dog and a lurcher taken out from this country. She had six female pups, and the specimen we saw is now a fine powerful animal, and quite tame. It gave a singular proof of its sagacity in the river: A lighter came alongside with some casks of fresh water, into which it immediately leapt over the side, and ran from cask to cask, trying to get its head into a bung-hole. This being impossible, one of the men good-humouredly drew a bowl full for it, which it despatched with evident delight, and then begged for another draught. This it also obtained, drank it nearly all, and with signs of gratification and thankfulness made its way back into the ship.

On their native soil, however, these ferocious animals are often destroyed by the still more ferocious wolves. The latter hunt in packs, and even drag the dogs from the huts to devour them. Attracted by the scent, they were always prowling about our vessels, and daringly carried off whatever came in their way. Thirteen of them were seen in one pack; all of which were trapped and slain. It was of these the hungry Esquimaux made their dinners. At one time they bore away a dog from the *Fury*, in spite of the pursuit of the men.

The birds are the swan, the beautiful king duck, the eider duck, the long-tailed duck, the silver Arctic duck, &c. &c. Gulls of every kind, the Arctic diver, the loon, the red-throat, guillemots, the snow bunting, the ptarmigan; ravens, snowy owls, and hawks; birds of song, with a short low chirping note, the Siberian lark and the Lapland finch.

The insect creation is very limited. There are about six species of flies; the mosquito, very troublesome, but existing only about one month; the wild bee, i. e. the large black and not our hive-bee; the spider; butterfly, a small kind of the golden; and the white moth.

The water teems, as we have stated, with molusca, the food of the enormous whale and other species of fish. There is also another creature in extraordinary abundance; we mean the small shrimp, which is known by the name

of the Sea-louse. These performed a very curious office to the naturalists in the Expedition, and their usefulness was very drolly discovered. An officer one day was desirous of preparing a Solan goose for cooking, and in order to reduce its saltiness, he plunged it through an ice-hole into the water; but alas! next morning, when the goose was to be drawn up for spitting, nothing but the skeleton appeared. The sea-lice had picked its bones as clean as any anatomist could have scraped them, and thus finely prepared it for any collection of natural history which might want such a specimen! The hint was not lost, for, after this time, whatever skeletons or bones required polishing, were submitted to the lice operators, and so diligent were they in executing the task confided to them, they would eat a sea-horse's head clean in a couple of nights.

In the Botanical department we have already mentioned the hortus siccus, which has been kindly presented to us. Hardly one of the plants exceeds two or three inches in height, and the flowers are all small. Yet some of them are very pretty; and they bloom in such profusion as entirely to enamel their wild and drear locality, for a season of two or three months. The most remarkable which we observe among our specimens, besides the early blue saxifrage, is the andromeda, of which the natives make their beds; and the potentilla or wild tansey, the roots of which they eat. This we believe is done in some of the most northern Scottish Isles: it is a very minute plant, not more than two inches in height, and the root not larger than that of a single wheat-stalk. The andromeda is wiry, like heath. All the flowers are yellow or blue; and we find the poppy, one resembling a cowslip, one with a curvous berry seed, several of saxifrage, grasses, a beautiful bright yellow moss, &c. &c. among our specimens.

On the voyage home the ships touched at Winter Island, and were surprised to find their garden vegetables thriving. Whether the plants had resown themselves or sprung again from the roots, could not be ascertained, but the

singular fact of salads and peas growing spontaneously on the arctic circle was exhibited to the wonder of the visitors.

On leaving the Esquimaux, some muskets of small worth were given them; and one native and his wife were willing to have come to England, but the trouble and uncertainty of restoring them to their own country prevented their voyage. An axe, and still better a saw, would console them for any disappointment.

We have now related, we are persuaded, nearly all the principal occur-

rences which attended this interesting Expedition. For the want of order and polish, our circumstances will, we trust, obtain pardon; and especially as our information, though hastily put together, and not much extended by description, is very complete in its character, and may be relied on as accurately embracing nearly all the features of a Voyage, than which none ever excited a stronger public feeling. Anxious to gratify this, we have done our utmost endeavour, and cannot but hope that it will afford very general satisfaction.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Lond. Mag.)

THE ORPHAN.

I was but a child when my father fell,
And a child when I saw my mother die,
But though years have gone I remember well
My father's last look, my mother's last sigh.
She sought the red field where the war had been,
And she bore me where mangled bodies lay;
But I knew not the horrors of such a scene,
And, 'mid all, my young heart smiled—and was gay,

On the ground I saw my Sire reclined—
But I knew not then he was dying there,
And still I prattled, and smiled, and turned
My fingers around his bloody hair.
Tho' so faintly he breathed "My son my son,"
Blessing me there with his parting breath—
Ah! little I deemed that his days were done—
The look he gave was the look of death.

And there was my mother sitting by,
And her watch beside my Sire she kept,
But no gathering tear had dull'd her eye,—
I thought her happy who had not wept.
How I wondered, when the night came on,
They had made the cold green earth their bed,—
But at morning my mother too was gone—
And I was an orphan—both were dead!

S.

* Since writing this account, and on looking over our brief memoranda, &c. we are reminded of eight or ten specimens of fossils and minerals. A dark piece of iron pyrites is that from which the natives strike sparks among the dry moss, to light their fires. We have also a model of a canoe ingeniously made by a native, and only fourteen inches long. It does credit to their skill; but not so much as a female's reticule (if we may so call it) made of ducks' feet curiously disposed in a neat circular shape, and the toes hanging out like tags or tassels. This is a very singular piece of workmanship, and looks well. Small bottles of matting woven closely, and of an elegant form, are among their manufactures; and the string on threads of fish-fibres, of the teeth of foxes, wolves, &c. for female ornaments, does not always betray a bad taste, however common the materials are. Images of bone, an inch or an inch and a half long, afford no high notion of the native talents for carving in ivory—they just so far resemble the human shape as to show they were meant to represent it. One petrification of the back bone of a fish is in our collection, and extremely curious.

STANZAS.

1.

Ah! why should Pity wet my bier,
And give my corse her tardy tear?
And the same eye that coldly slew me,
With drops untimely warm bedew me?
Alas! for harm is fleet as wind
And healing ever lags behind.

2.

Perhaps, when life well nigh is spent,
She'll faintly smile a sad consent—
And just before she sees me die,
Will heave a kind repentant sigh:
For sigh of ruth—O wayward fate,
Will ever come—and come too late.

3.

She cannot undo what is done;
For if a smile were like the sun,
And sighs more sweet than gales that creep
O'er rosy beds where fairies sleep,
And every tear like summer rain
To thirsty fields—'twere all in vain.

4.

For never sun so bright was seen
Could make a leaf that's sere be green;
Nor spicy gale, nor April shower,
Restore to bloom a faded flower:
Thus sun, and wind, and balmy rain,
And smiles, and tears, and sighs, are vain.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

VARIETIES.

EFFECT OF MOONLIGHT.

With regard to light, we would mention the singularly useful, and hitherto unobserved *effect of moonlight*, in assisting the completion of certain important phenomena. The crystallization of water, under the form of those light frosts which so much prevail during the early spring, and in autumn, and which are of such importance in assisting the operations of agriculture, by rendering the surface of the earth mellow, and better susceptible of the manure that is necessary to it, are greatly assisted, and in many cases entirely brought about by the intervention of moonlight. It is well known that, under certain circumstances, water will sink to the temperature of 22 degrees before it freezes, or takes the form of crystals. Indeed it will invariably do so in the absence of any mechanical agitation, and in the absence of light. It is an unquestionable fact, but one which has not hitherto been observed generally, or attended to, that during that period of the year alluded to, before the moon rises on a still clear night, when the atmosphere is at a lower temperature than 32, the water remains in a liquid state, but immediately on the moon's rising, and diffusing its light around, the water freezes, and performs the salutary offices required of it, without subjecting us to the severity of a low temperature.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Few personages are recorded in history who have been oftener celebrated by dramatic writers than this princess. There have been no less than five tragedies formed from her pitiful narrative; viz. two in English, one in French, one in Spanish, and one in Portuguese. The latter, perhaps, approaches nearest to the truth of history, and is not inferior in point of poetical merit. The author, Senhor Nicole Luis, had no occasion to resort to fiction, to heighten the passions of an audience, as the simple facts are sufficient to fill up all the scenes of pity and terror, and to show to what lengths love and revenge are capable of transporting the human mind.

The subject of this tragical piece is as follows. Don Pedro, son of Alonzo the Fourth King of Portugal, and heir apparent

to the crown, having fallen in love with a lady of the court, named Donna Ignez de Castro, thought he could not share the crown which awaited him with a more amiable person. She united to all the charms of beauty, the most graceful and accomplished manners. The prince, waving all considerations of birth and fortune, was privately married to her by the Bishop of Guarda. Notwithstanding the nuptials were performed with all the secrecy imaginable, yet they reached the king's ear, who had premeditated a consort for Don Pedro in the King of Castile's daughter. He questioned him as to the truth of the report, but the prince, knowing his father's arbitrary disposition, thought it prudent then to conceal the fact.

The nobility also had intimation of the marriage, and the preference given to Ignez had awakened their jealousy. Hence they took every opportunity of representing her as a woman of the greatest ambition, and pretended that very fatal consequences were to be apprehended from such an alliance: they also condemned the prince as a rash and disobedient son. The king, who was a man of weak understanding, gave ear to their calumny, and they worked upon his passions to that degree, that he resolved to murder the unfortunate princess. Accordingly he set out to perpetrate the horrid deed, accompanied by three of his courtiers, and a number of armed men. Donna Ignez at this time resided at Coimbra, in the palace of Santa Clara, where she passed her time in the most private manner, educating her children and attending to the duties of her domestic affairs. The prince, unfortunately, was abroad on a hunting party when the king arrived. The beautiful victim came out to meet him, with her two infant children, who clang about his knees, screaming aloud for mercy. She prostrates herself at his feet, bathes them with tears, and supplicates pity for her children, beseeching him to banish her to some remote desert, where she would gladly wander an exile with her babes. The feelings of nature arrested his arm, just raised to plunge a dagger into her breast. But his counsellors urging the necessity of her death, and reproaching him for his dis-

regard to the welfare of the nation, he relapsed into his former resolution, and commanded them to despatch her! at which they rushed forward, regardless of the cries of innocence and beauty, and instantly struck off her head.

Soon after the above transaction, the prince arrived; but, alas! found those eyes that were wont to watch his return with impatience, closed in death. The sight of his beloved Ignez, weltering in gore, filled his mind with distraction, and kindled every spark of revenge in his soul. In all the agony of rage, he called aloud on the avenging hand of heaven to punish these monsters, who deprived him of all he held dear upon earth.

As soon as her remains were interred, he put himself at the head of an army, who sympathized with his distress: they carried fire and sword through the adjacent provinces, and laid waste the estates of the murderers. The royal troops could not oppose them; they fled at the appearance of the gallant avengers of innocence. But the king, wretched man! could not fly from himself; the cries of his grand-children still echoed in his ears, and the bleeding image of their unfortunate mother was constantly before his eyes. Death at length commiserated his situation, and he expired, full of repentance for his accumulated crimes. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father.

The prince now ascended the throne, in the 37th year of his age. He no sooner obtained the power, than he meditated to revenge the death of his beloved Ignez. The three murderers, namely Pedro Coelho, Drogo Lopez Pacheco, and Alvaro Gonsalva, had fled into Castile, previous to the death of the late King. The prince ordered them to be tried on a charge of high-treason, and being found guilty, their estates were confiscated. Next he contrived to seize their persons, by agreeing with the king of Castile that both should reciprocally deliver up the Portuguese and Castilian fugitives who sought protection in their respective dominions. Gonsalvi and Coelho were accordingly arrested, and sent in chains to Portugal. Pacheco escaped into France. The king was at Santarem when the delinquents were brought to him; he instantly ordered them to be laid on a pyre that was previously formed, contiguous to which he had a banquet prepared. Before the torch was kindled, and while they agonized at every pore, under the most lingering tortures, their hearts were cut out; one at his breast, the other at his back. Lastly, the pyre was set on a blaze, in presence of which he dined, while they evaporated in the flames.

Having thus appeased his insatiable thirst of revenge, he ordered his marriage with Donna Ignez to be published throughout the kingdom; then her body was taken out of the sepulchre, covered with regal robes, and placed on a magnifi-

cent throne, around which his ministers assembled, and did homage to their lawful queen. After this ceremony, her corpse was translated from Coimbra to Alcobaco, with a pomp hitherto unknown in the kingdom; though the distance between these two places is fifty-two miles, yet the road was lined on both sides, all the way, with people holding lighted tapers. The funeral was attended by all the noblemen and gentlemen in Portugal, dressed in long mourning cloaks; their ladies also attended, dressed in white mourning veils.

The cloud which the above disaster cast over the mind of Don Pedro, was never totally dispersed; and as he lived in a state of celibacy the remainder of his life, according to his vow, there was nothing to divert his attention from ruminating on the fate of his beloved spouse. The impression her death made on him was strongly characterized not only in the tortures he inflicted on her murderers, but also in all the acts of his administration, which, from their severity, induced some to give him the appellation of Pedro the Cruel; by others he was called Pedro the Just; and upon the whole, it appears that the latter title most properly appertained to him.

GAS IN DWELLING-HOUSES.

A correspondent strongly persuades householders from suffering gas-lights within any part of their houses. He says the quality of the air is peculiarly injurious to health, as the pulmonary organs are affected by all miasmata. He adds, "I have of late avoided all rooms lighted with gas of any kind, and am satisfied I have prevented the progress of a cough, which, though my frame is very strong and healthy, came on gradually and increased, till I discontinued my attendance on all gas-lighted rooms in December last, and notwithstanding the severity of the winter, have never coughed since. This fact is known to several medical persons of eminence."

FIRE DAMP.

On Monday night last, (Oct. 20) Whitehaven was thrown into the utmost agitation, by an awful explosion, of fire-damp from the William Pitt coal-mine, belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale. No less than 15 men, 16 boys, and 2 girls, have come to a premature death by this catastrophe. It is generally supposed that one of the workmen occasioned the explosion by carelessly removing the cylinder of his lamp. There were also 17 horses killed, but some of their drivers escaped.

Memoir of a young Greek, Mademoiselle Pauline-Adelaide-Alexander Panani, against his Serene Highness the reigning Prince of S... C....

(From a French Journal.)

MADemoiselle Alexander Panani complains of having been seduced by the Prince of S... C.... The two volumes she has published, and the interesting creature to whom she has given birth, do not seem to

leave a doubt on the subject. She was, it is stated, but fourteen when the Prince offered her a place as dame d'honneur in the ducal palace—an old expedient in the drama, but enough for a young girl without experience. Having won her consent, the agents of the Prince could think of nothing better than making Mdlle Panani assume the dress of a man, and forwarding her under this *envelope* to his Highness by the public diligence. The second day of her journey an unexpected jolt loosened the cap and comb which fastened up the hair of the pretty traveller. The secret of her sex is discovered; in spite of the high fortune awaiting her, she finds herself the butt for all the bourgeois witticisms of which the diligence is the theatre. Her tears, her modesty, and the protection of the driver, extricate her from this embarrassment. Arrived at the place of her destination, disappointments await her cherished hopes,—there is no place for her in the palace:—the Prince, however, offers her one in his heart, as well as a lodging at one of his farms. A little anecdote here occurs, a most admirable specimen of German gallantry:—It was the Prince's wish that she should visit the chateau he inhabited. She sets off with a guide, and at the close of the day arrives at the place; her guide enters, and shuts the door in her face. For two hours she is left in the open air, exposed to a most tremendous storm. At length a noble and tender voice seizes an interval between the claps of thunder, and invites her to climb a ladder placed beneath the window of her destined apartment. Our heroine, divided between the fear of the storm and that of breaking her neck, at last ventures on the chance provided by her *prevoyant* lover's tenderness, climbs the ladder, and escapes all dangers except a severe cold. Mdlle Panani describes herself to have been the victim of avaricious tyranny and cold calculating passion. She is left, a few months before her confinement, a stranger, without friends, money, or resource. Her mentor, from even the beginning, was a counsellor Tittel, the first economist of the age. This statesman had but one white shirt: on grand court occasions it was taken down from the peg in the anti-chamber, but so soon as he returned it was carefully replaced on its customary supporter. Her entreaties are answered by promises, her importunities by threats; she is hurried from place to place, and her last hope seems to have expired on receiving a severe reprimand for prodigality—the giving a piece de douze sous to an old beggar. She is herself obliged to have recourse to the charity of others, and an innkeeper of Dresden consents for a time to keep the son of the Prince of C. for charity. She endeavours to obtain intercessors at the court, but youth and beauty obtain for her but dangerous protectors. We come now to the tragic part of these memoirs; the

eclat of her complaints, and the interest excited by her misfortunes, render her an object of hatred to her oppressor. Obligated to go to Vienna, they give her a Baron Fichler as *compagnon de voyage*, in the same carriage with herself. Sleeping with her child in her arms, she is suddenly awakened by violent and repeated blows: she finds herself in a hollow, the carriage broken to pieces, and the baron standing at the top of the precipice quietly watching her; and it is not till the end of the day he remembers that to save appearances he ought also to be hurt, and surrounds his head with an enormous napkin. Several attempts to poison her and her child are also mentioned. These memoirs are followed by a great collection of letters from the Prince de C. . . . and the Duchess dowager. The love-letters are rather curious: not tender effusions, but pretty financial details, whose minuteness is so absolutely ridiculous, that no one could believe it was an affair of the heart. They are preceded by a letter from the Marshal Prince de Ligne, who advises the publication most strongly. He says, "All Europe ought to know this: your book will attract attention. It will inflict on the powerful the only punishment that can here reach them: it will spread through the continent the history of your misfortunes; and a future age will remember your complaint and their shame."

Such is the *Liberal* Review of a book of which we know nothing, except that its source is not the purest, and its aim detraction and revenge.

NEW WORKS, OCT. 1823.

Haack's Thucydides, with Latin, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—Ditto, without Latin, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Dibdin's Sea Songs, Part I. 8vo. —Hermit in Prison, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.—Traditions of the Castle, 4 vols. 12mo. 28s.—Naval Records, Part I. 12mo. 8s.—Banker's Daughter of Bristol, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.—Macloe's Natural History, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Magendie on New Remedies, &c. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—McKenzie's 500 Receipts, square 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Watt's Poetical Sketches, 8vo. 6s.—Williams's Abstract for 1823, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—McAdam on Roads, 7s. 6d.—Yates on Water in the Brain, 6s. 6d.—Wilson's Sermons, 12mo. 5s.—Gurney's Lectures on Chemistry, 8vo. 13s.—Supplement to Penn's Geology, 8vo. 5s.

Copy of a Letter to Mr. Methuen, from his Gardener.

"Honored Sir,—My wif an I have taken the lan from Winsor. Jenny Cedar has lost her head, the rest of the scrubs are well. The Oxen are com down to prase the Gods. From your humble servant, &c."

What he meant to say was:

Honoured Sir,—My wife and I have taken the influenza. The Virginia cedar has lost its head: the rest of the shrubs are all well. The auctioneer came down to appraise the goods.

